

GASPAR THE DISCIPLE. A CHRISTMAS STORY
BY NORMAN GALE

The

Leisure Hour

MORLEY'S GLADSTONE. BY PRINCIPAL RAINY.

MEMORIES OF BRAHMS. BY SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD



December
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"GOOD-MORNING, MR. HELLARD ! ARE YOU STAR-GAZING ?"

See p. 100.

In All Time of Our Wealth

BY C. E. C. WEIGALL

AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTATION OF DULCE CARRUTHERS," "GUNNER JACK AND UNCLE JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER IV

"The feet of the men that drill"



HERE was a dim plan floating in Stephen Hellard's mind that was gradually taking definite shape, which was, that he would go abroad at once until he got more accustomed to his wealth. There is such a thing as being vulgarly rich, and he was terribly afraid of falling into that snare, and so utterly destroying his chance of success as a man of position. He did not care for the thought of travelling alone, but he knew enough to be convinced that he had but to set his foot on board a P. and O. boat bound for India, and make his fortune known, to win half a hundred friends only too anxious to force their claims to society upon his attention, and he finally decided that this would be the wisest course to pursue.

But first he had to go down to Ditcham Barracks, where the 120th Battery of Royal Artillery was quartered, to see his brother again; and now that he was able to travel about without any trouble of narrow means, his natural affection led him to long to see his nearest relative once again. He wrote to his brother, telling him to expect him on the following day, and travelled down by the express along one of the most beautiful stretches of line in England. Ditcham was an artillery depôt on a limited scale, a small grey town with a view of sea and sky unsurpassed by any famed Italian scenery. It was backed by a long slope of down and hill, wooded to the summit of every spur, and crowned by yellow lines of gorse and bracken, that waved like fires against the western sky, so that in the evening, when the stain of the sunset changed the purple clouds to orange and from orange to pale primrose, the horizon swam in a breathless silver haze of light—so that a man could not tell where the waving gorse ceased and heaven began.

Ditcham lay in a little hollow of the hills, and the only new part about the town

was the flaring walls of the depôt barracks. A far-sighted Town Council had tempted the battery to Ditcham, instead of leaving it to be secured by some town of greater importance on the map, through many promises of rifle-ranges and improved sanitation, and it must be confessed that the Town Council had gallantly stuck to their colours. The presence of the military meant the increase of trade, and when the flaring red-brick walls made the slope of the downs less beautiful, the shop-people looked at the ration bills and declared their intention of planting surreptitious canariensis in the dead of night.

When Hellard left the little station, gay with advertisements of soaps and baking powders, he wandered up the main street, wishing that Ditcham had boasted of more than two cabs, and that the military, as represented by six gunners in blue and scarlet uniform, who were singing "Rule, Britannia," at the top of uncertain voices, had not secured the vehicles before he had time to collect his scattered wits.

But his walk allowed him time for reflection, and there was little to distract him in the old curiosity shop, full of toby jugs and spotted china dogs that seemed to be the staple trading commodity of Ditcham. There were a few gunners drifting up the road, and half-a-dozen children with market baskets or bundles of washing in their arms. There were two carriers' carts and as many old women, and a little knot of business men, who stood and talked outside the branch bank with its wire blinds. A church bell tanged cheerfully, and a clock from the little town hall sent forth a chime of lingering beauty that redeemed the Philistinism of the red-brick tower.

Hellard turned in under the iron archway of the barrack-gate, and stood for a moment watching the sunlight play upon the barrack-square, dappling it in sheeted shadows. There was a sentry marching up and down, to and fro under the penthouse roof of the guard-room, but he appeared to be so deeply intent on his monotonous work that Hellard passed him by and

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sought information of a cheerful gunner in a straw hat and white apron, who was doing "cook's mate," and carrying a very large can of boiled, sweetened tea across to one of the barrack-rooms from the cookhouse. The sentry made Hellard nervous, for he had an idea that he might challenge him unexpectedly, for he remembered as a child paying a visit to an uncle in a marching regiment in Dover, and the darkness of the night when they emerged from the brilliantly-lighted quarters had impressed itself upon his mind, together with the clear "Who goes there?" the clatter of dropped carbine ringing out upon the frosty air, and the gruff answer of "Friend." He could hear in his mind the "Pass, friend; all's well," even now as he walked hurriedly forward. Like a clarion call it had rung in his ear with something invigorating about it, and he wondered now, half whimsically, if the challenging sentry could have declared that with him all was well.

"Will you tell me how I can find Sergeant William Hellard?" he said hastily.

The man set down the can of tea and scratched his head meditatively, for here was a swell who was asking for "Gentleman Hellard," though there was nothing the least soldierly about his bearing, and he wondered if there was any truth in the story of the sergeant's gentility.

"Yes, sir," he answered at last. "I will take you to his bunk, sir. I am going past it."

He waxed confidential as they departed together, the tea swishing in the can, for he scented a shilling, and at that moment the sum meant a good deal to him. It was a good step across the sunbright square, and Hellard, answering Gunner Jelf's words mechanically, was absorbing every detail of the buildings as they passed.

Ditcham Barracks were built in a square, the second and third sides formed by the married quarter block and the barrack-rooms, the first by the officers' mess and quarters, and the fourth by the guard-room and gate, and although the staring red walls were not beautiful, yet they bore the impress of solid comfort on every brick and angle of masonry.

"'E's a good sergent is 'Gentleman 'Ellard,' as we call 'im, sir."

Jelf was babbling on like the proverbial brook, and Stephen knew that he had touched on a subject that embraced a wide sphere, from daily rations to politics.

"Every man expects 'e'll be promoted to sergent-major when old Wherry gets the order of the boot. 'E's done a deal for the company, and bein' a bachelore is more with the men, as one may say; and as for cricket, why you can't touch 'im at that, and few on us can get hold of his balls. That's why they call our battery 'The boundaries,' not from any disrespect to our manners, but 'cause we're s'posed never to hit anything less than a sixer!"

Cricket! Hellard smiled whimsically as he remembered where Bill had learnt his game. He remembered the playing fields of Eton now, with the sun upon the river, and the happy boys about them under the trees. The rhythm of the old boating song was in his ears, and he wondered whether any other Etonians had gone under as he and Bill had done, with such dire completeness. He slipped a half-sovereign into Jelf's hand, and without waiting to see the stupendous effect that so large a sum had upon the stolid gunner, he pushed the door of the barrack-room open and paused at the top of the steps. Fourteen iron bed-cots were carefully packed away, and their brown blankets folded precisely on the pillows. Not a soul was in the room, and he could survey the whitewashed walls at his leisure, where pictures cut from illustrated papers hung, and Christmas cards of the highly-coloured cheap description jostled a decorative calendar of some years earlier. He looked round in vain for some sign of William, till at last his eyes fell upon a half-open door in the wall, through which a figure could be dimly discerned, which he gathered must be his brother. He steadied himself against the wall, and softly whistled the first bars of the Eton boating song, that sounded like a clear call out of the shadowy past in his ears.

Sergeant Hellard, seated upon his bed-cot pipeclaying his belt, heard it and raised his head sharply. There were many ghosts to haunt him, and the song roused each one in turn, till the coarse serge of his uniform seemed lifted away from him, and the circumscribed life that he had led shrivelled up like a dream, letting in a vista of grey college walls and black-coated boys, and the long study talks at night over the fire—the endless wonder as to the future that is in the heart of every child of man. His own future had seemed to be a very bright one, he remembered,—with a rosy halo about a grown-up Bill Hellard, who

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would win the V.C. and be a second "Bobs." What a mockery such thoughts were to him now—how unutterably dreary his coarse serge uniform and bounded life seemed in the light of those old days. Why, if he had thought at Eton—he, the popular open-handed Bill Hellard—that he would end his days as a sergeant in a service battery, he verily believed that he would have laid down and died. The song ceased, and with it the stout heart of the sergeant revived, and he opened the door.

"Hello, Steve," he said. "I guessed it was you when I heard the old chanty—why, it's years since we met."

Stephen looked at his brother through a mist of tears. Bill was a fine-looking, broad-shouldered fellow, tanned by Indian suns, honourably scarred by the slash of a tulwar on the North-West frontier, that had almost spoiled his beauty. But he was changed irretrievably, for a man cannot go through the coarsening life of barrack-room associations and remain as Nature first framed him.

"Come in," he said, pulling his brother into the bunk, that seemed a tight fit for one person, besides the bed and his kit-box. It was a little cupboard of a place, with a window looking out over the parade ground, but there was a framed photograph of Parkstone on the wall, and another of their mother.

"Bill," he said, in a voice thrilling with emotion, "ah! what has life been for us, since those days?"

The sergeant braced himself up.

"Life's all right," he said. "The only fault is putting square people into round holes. I suffered a bit at first, but I'm as happy now as a sand-martin in a quarry."

"You can't be," said Stephen, hoarsely, "with these associations—these men?"

He looked down at his brother's rough brown hands—at his heavy regulation boots—at the meagre outline of the box that held all his worldly goods.

"What's wrong with them?" said the sergeant sturdily. "I've made my bed and I'll lie on it, Stephen, my boy. I shall rise to be quartermaster yet."

"I have come to-day to offer to buy you out, Bill," went on Stephen hurriedly. "I have come into a great deal of money in a very extraordinary way—and I can give you a sum big enough to take you clear away and start you in business."

The sergeant's eyes wandered over the spruce and smart figure opposite, and an inscrutable smile passed over his face. Then he laid down his pipe and folded his hands across his knee.

"I should like to hear just how you came into that bit of money," he said slowly. "Six years of soldiering makes a man suspicious."

Stephen shifted his feet uneasily, and by bits began the narrative that placed his brother in possession of the main facts of his extraordinary accession to Mr. Hutton's million. The sergeant listened patiently to the end, no feature in his face changing, and no sign appearing in his stolid demeanour to help his brother as to his view of the case.

"Well, what do you think of it all?" he stammered out at last; "is it not the most wonderful piece of luck that ever fell to any man?"

He handed old Hutton's letter to the soldier as he spoke, and before he answered, Bill read it through slowly and folded it up.

"No blessing on the money—ill come by—conditions, to chuck your old friends—yes—a wonderful piece of good fortune, Stephen. But all the same, I'd rather earn my bread with my own hands."

"Oh, but think what can be done with the money—think what it means."

"I've thought enough about it," returned the other. "Time was, when I first joined, that I would have given my very eyes for a decent competence to take me away from a life that was purgatory to me."

He had slipped out of his new way of speech, and had become in the fervid passion of his tones the young, high-spirited Bill Hellard of old days, when he was pausing to see the world between Eton and a future profession.

"I was never clever, you know—would have had to enter the service by the back door as an officer—but when I found that it was my lot in life to be poor, I thanked God for two hands to work with, and woke up to the realities of life. It was kind of you to come and see me, Stephen, but are you not endangering your fortune by associating with me? I am scarcely the equal of a millionaire."

"I am allowed to see you once," said the other in a low voice. "Bill, I could make anything of you—give you enough for an assured income—let me help you."

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The sergeant held up his hands.

"What am I fit for now? Clerkly work with these fingers? Literary work with no brains? Why, I have found my vocation, and that is to drill recruits boys on the barrack-square, and to drum something like straight living into the heads of the men of my section. When I was a little lad there was something we used to say on Sundays about doing our duty in the place where we had been put—and I have tried to do mine."

They were straight words, and for the moment Stephen was tempted to ask himself whether he was doing his duty by placing himself in the way of temptation that he knew would be too strong for him, but a sudden feeling of irritation against his brother rising up within him, swept other thoughts aside, and he rose to his feet.

"So I can't do anything, or, rather, you won't let me do what I would," he said.

"No, thank you, Stephen. If it had been money you had earned yourself, I might have taken it as a loan, but there's something in me that tells me this wouldn't be right."

"Bill, for old times' sake," said the other imploringly, as he held out a bank-note that made the sergeant draw up his lips in a whistle of surprise.

"Crikey, a hundred pounds! but no—thanks. There's little chance of spending that here, and maybe the giving of it would break the conditions of the bequest."

He looked his brother over from head to foot, and Hellard turned away, for he could not bear the expression of sarcastic admiration that lighted up his brother's face.

"Well, good-bye, Bill," he said; "I'm going abroad."

"Good-bye, Stephen, and good luck to you," said the other cheerfully. "Though I'm of the opinion that you'd better cut both hands off at the wrists than touch a penny of this money."

"That may be your opinion, but it is not mine," retorted Stephen hotly, as he strode away.

He turned once to look back at his brother, but the busy figure bending over his work did not move again, and he passed out of the soldier's life with a feeling that he had neither part nor parcel any more

with the workers of life, for from henceforward he must be a drone.

He could not return to London that night, for there was no suitable train, and he therefore engaged a room at the little inn in the High Street, and ordered dinner. It was a fairly comfortable place within sight of the barracks, and Hellard, as he sat digesting his roast chicken and cabinet pudding, reviewed the events of the day with some indecision. It was a perfect evening of late spring, with a young moon, and in the half-light the slopes above the town looked unreal and shadowy, and the great gorse clumps like battalions of armed men. Somewhere away in the back region of the inn he could hear laughter and talking, and the red-elbowed maid who removed his dinner things told him with a broad smile that it was half-a-dozen gunner N.C.O.'s having a supper party to commemorate the sergeant-major's birthday. He was so dull up in that lonely room that he set his door ajar to listen to the mirth and revelry, pride alone preventing him from going below to seek their society. Some man was singing a stave of a patriotic song in a rolling bass, and after the applause had died away, another voice of mellow tenor, like a golden flute, took up the refrain to a jingling accompaniment. It was only a simple ballad that he sang, but Stephen listened entranced:

"Wrap me up in my old stable jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low,
And six stalwart gunners shall carry me,
With step solemn, mournful, and slow."

Ah! he was back again at home, a child once more, and his mother at the piano was singing in the twilight, with a pathos in her voice that had often made him cry as a little boy. She had been so proud of Baby Bill's voice, so eager over his fresh notes like a thrush in the dawning. He could see her now bending over his curly head, as Bill in all the glory of a starched white frock faltered his nursery rhymes. What would she have said to see him now?

There are times when one praises God for the blessed dead, and that night Stephen Hellard unconsciously gave God that thanks. By and by came the clear call of "Last Post" from the barrack-square, the bugle lingering over each shrill note, and the grey town echoing them back. And the singing ceasing, the road was gay



"BILL, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE"

with blue-coated soldiers going back to barrack-room and duty.

Early next morning, Stephen Hellard,

after a sleepless night, shook the dust of the past off his feet, and departed for London and his new life.

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CHAPTER V

"He seemed to lookers-on, like those who dreamed
Of idleness in groves Elysian."

IT was on the deck of the Channel steamer that Stephen Hellard first discovered the truth that sea-sickness is the greatest leveller where human nature is concerned. He went on board at Dover, accompanied by a valet, whom he had engaged at the instance of Mr. Frederick Kent, and who proved to be a most proficient servant. There was nothing about either master or man to suggest the fact that they were *nouveaux riches*, but from the attention paid to them by the officials, it was evident that sable-lined coat and Russia leather trunks had done their work in impressing outsiders with a sense of the importance of their owner. There were several people crossing that afternoon, and when the gang-plank was uncoupled the bell rang from the shore, and the *Victoria* began to churn up foam with her paddles, and to push her nose seawards. Stephen looked round for a comfortable seat on deck, and felt profoundly thankful that he was a good sailor.

The Channel was in its worst mood, grey and lumpy, with a strong head wind blowing, and the steamer climbed up each rolling hillock of water, to sink down with a sickening thud on the other side.

The white cliffs of England were scarcely out of sight when half the passengers retired below, and the greater part of the remainder lay helplessly back in their deck chairs, hoping for a shipwreck with every slide of the rolling boat. Hellard was rather amused from the pinnacle of his own immunity from *mal de mer*, for of all fell diseases, sea-sickness is the only one that excites no compassion in the breast of the onlooker. In the bows of the *Victoria* two or three people were sitting watching the receding coast-line, but as a sharp sputter of rain lashed the Channel in an instant into white foam, they moved further back under the awning, and Hellard recognised them as Lady Cicely Dare and her aunt Miss Hadow, elderly and plain, and accompanying them the ubiquitous Captain Beaumont.

Lady Cicely's eyes fell upon the man in the deck chair, whose magnificent sable coat had been the outspoken admiration of half the passengers until they succumbed to a condition in which self-detestation is

the only possible feeling. She stared at him for an instant bewildered, then as their eyes met, her Society artificial training stood her in good stead, and she advanced, holding out her hand.

"Mr. Hellard, by all that is wonderful. Gracious, what years it is since we met last. What have you been doing with yourself?"

Years! It was less than a month that she had cut the shabby, out-at-elbows journalist hack outside the Law Courts, but he was her equal now, nay, her superior in the matter of fortune.

"How do you do?" he answered, shaking hands quietly. "Five years is an age—or is it six?"

"It seems a weary time," said Lady Cicely softly, "but it is very nice to see you again. Now, let me introduce you to my aunt, Miss Hadow—oh, I forgot, though—you knew her before in the old days."

Hellard bowed to Miss Hadow, remembering her as a stern, uncompromising chaperon, who had not considered a fortune of £1500 a year good enough for her pretty niece, then a girl of eighteen. Lady Cicely was older now, and still unmarried, and Miss Hadow smiled ingratiatingly upon the owner of a set of sables the like of which she had never seen.

"What brings you here, travelling in this delightfully free-and-easy fashion?" said Lady Cicely, sitting down and beckoning Hellard to the next seat.

"A mania for travel, I suppose—I mean to go to Paris for a bit, and then work my way to Brindisi or Marseilles, to catch a steamer and go on an indefinite voyage somewhere or other—India perhaps."

"How dull," said the girl, giving him one of her old glances that he so well remembered, and that in the old days would have summoned the very heart from his body. She was handsome enough still, though the wear and tear of six unsatisfactory seasons had left their mark upon her face, and no one but her maid knew the secret of her exquisite complexion, or from whence came the bronze shadows in her hair. She was well dressed, for she had always possessed the peculiarly feminine charm of tact in what she wore, and the material and colouring of her grey gown that day were very gratifying to Stephen's artistic taste. A line of blue fur round her throat, and a suggestion of rose-coloured lining to her coat, completed a costume

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that looked very simple, but was in reality the outcome of Paquin's deepest thought. There was nothing uncompromisingly stiff and hard about her hat, but on her bright hair the grey felt was perched knowingly, and the plume of a gorgeous Indian bird crossed the brim and nestled on the bright auburn hair. She knew that she was looking her best, and, devoured with curiosity as she was to discover what had led to Hellard's re-instatement in Society, she determined to try her best to fascinate him once again, and bring him back to his allegiance. But Hellard, guessing all this—nay, seeing through every accent of the pretty artificial voice, yet allowed himself to be fascinated once again, telling himself that he was only working out the punishment he had all along intended to inflict for her heartlessness. It would have been impossible to have begun on this agreeable footing had she not ignored the fact of their last meeting, but since she appeared to be sublimely unconscious that she had seen him in his out-at-elbows career, he began to find it easy to weave stories as to the past six years that bore some faint semblance to the truth, albeit a very decorated truth.

Lady Cicely gathered that he had somehow met with great reverses, and had lived in retirement for a time, away from his own kind—but that the death of some old relative had put him in possession of an enormous fortune which he was doing his best to learn how to spend. Lady Cicely listened enthralled to his remarks, and then with numerous expressions of sympathy, she mentally registered a vow to get her maid to find out more as to his extraordinary story from Hellard's valet.

"But since you have made no plans definitely as to India, why not come with us to Sicily for two or three weeks? We are going to join Bobby Vandaleur's yacht, the *Sea Nymph*, at Syracuse later, but I know he will be glad to have you as well—and yachting in the Mediterranean is delicious in the early summer before those horrid Euroclydon storms begin."

"I don't know about the yachting," demurred Stephen, "but I should enjoy Sicily for a bit, and could take my chance of a steamer at Brindisi or Marseilles later on."

"There is a very decent hotel at Taormina," went on Lady Cicely, "and after all, you know, that is half the battle. People talk about glorious mountains and

Saracenic buildings, but if they had to exist on hard beef and black bread, they would not see much charm in the place. Now, some friends of ours wanted us to go up to Bronte last year, but when we made inquiries we found that there was the most appalling little hole of an inn—so I said the shades of Nelson might do their thundering alone. I preferred comfort, and didn't care twopence about woods and mountains."

Across Hellard's mind flashed the memory of the words: "Sicily is the Smile of God." Once he had seen dawn flush on the green coast from the sea as he paced the deck of the mail boat from Alexandria, and he had never forgotten the tremulous gold that fell on chestnut grove and wooded cleft of the hills, touching at last the sombre head of the great volcano with its cap of white smoke.

"I am afraid that where scenery comes in, a tablet of compressed meat would suit me admirably. I believe I thrive on light and air," he returned.

"Don't believe Cissie," chimed in Miss Hadow nervously. "She always talks like that, but I, who know her best, have seen her in tears over——"

"You need not perjure yourself further," cried Cicely gaily. "We will take the tears for granted. Let us walk a little, Mr. Hellard. Aunt Letitia will be quite happy studying the sufferings of other people, and rejoicing that she is free from the curse of *mal de mer*."

Hellard rose with alacrity, admiring the way in which the girl trod the deck of the pitching steamer, and they walked briskly up and down for a few moments, talking fitfully of the events of the past six years, watching the stormy light upon the grey sea, and the flash of a gull's white wing as it dipped past the boat. The wind screamed in the rigging overhead as the breeze freshened, but Lady Cicely only laughed as the tendrils of her beautiful hair were ruffled round her forehead, and the air woke a brighter colour in her cheeks. She felt that it would be very easy to win her way back into this man's affections, for her vast experience had shown her that the more sensitive a man's nature might be, so much the more easy was he to be deceived by a little judicious flattery, a little clever talk of the union of twin souls—the hollowness of an unsympathetic world. The *Victoria* was unusually

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full of passengers that day, for there were several people on board bound for the Riviera, and others who were part of two big trips to Paris, undertaken by enterprising firms at the minimum of profit. There were several children, and one little family, with a father and mother in all the throes of sea-sickness, interested Hellard in spite of himself.

The head of the family was evidently a bank clerk, who had saved for many weary months for this trip, and his wife, a thin, faded woman with a pale lemon-coloured complexion, looked as though she would freely have given up her share in Paris to seek the shelter of a quieter haven than the deck of a mid-Channel boat. But there were two children with them whose rounded innocence appealed to Stephen, and when Tommy stumbled and fell with a little howl of despair, as a wave lifted the *Victoria* and then dropped her with a sickening lurch, Hellard paused to set the child on his feet. Lady Cicely drew away her gown quickly from the contact with the little hands covered with gingerbread and toffee.

"I hate dirty little brats," she said sharply. "He will be much happier grubbing in the scuttle."

But Hellard was of a different opinion, and said so firmly, and after a moment Cicely left him, with a shrug of annoyance, as he sat down trying to make friends with the children, and to suggest lemon-and-soda remedies to the despairing parents. Ten minutes later he was in possession of all their childish confidences, and with the thought of Gay in his mind had started upon a wonderful story of a bear who lived in a coal-pit and only ate overseers, when he became aware that Beddows, his immaculate valet, was standing at his elbow with an imperturbable countenance.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I was not quite sure whether you are aware that Miss Hadow is looking for you on the other side of the deck, sir."

There was something curiously firm about Beddow's manner, and Hellard, bewildered and irritated, yet felt himself compelled to put down the child and cross the deck to where Lady Cicely and her aunt were lamenting a prostrate maid with open-mouthed annoyance.

"Gracious, Mr. Hellard, what shall we do?—the creature is absolutely fainting. Maids have no right to nerves," said Lady

Cicely. "She has fainted three times since we left Dover, and Aunt Letitia is quite upset about it."

Hellard listened politely, and ended by despatching Beddows with brandy and smelling salts for the invalid, and concluding the day by reading aloud to Miss Hadow from the *Court Journal*, and listening to the frequent remarks of Cicely and Beaumont on the frailties and follies of their numerous acquaintances.

They landed at Calais in the red of an April evening, when the crucifix that fronts the landing-stage stood out black against a background of flame, and it seemed no time to Hellard till he was ensconced in a special Pullman car on the Sud express, for which he had arranged. He had the pleasure of asking his three friends to share it with him, and to see that they appreciated to the full the possibilities that a million of money presents. Before they had reached Paris, it was decided that he should not remain there at all, but travel straight through to Messina, and from thence to Taormina, there to remain till the *Sea Nymph* furled her white wings in the harbour of Catania and beckoned him on board.

The long journey was successfully accomplished, and Hellard managed to make the discomforts of Italian railway travelling less apparent than usual. They reached Messina in the dawn of a new day, and Hellard, as he stood on the platform of the little station, realised for the first time the intense beauty of Sicily. They were waiting for the long-delayed train, and Cicely and Miss Hadow were extremely cross after a bad night, while even Beaumont expressed a strong doubt as to whether they would ever be comfortable in this forsaken hole.

Beddows and Annette were guarding the luggage, and perhaps never had a more dishevelled trio of the feminine sex set foot in Messina. Miss Hadow was muffled in a shawl as a protection against toothache, Lady Cicely was thoroughly travel-stained and in need of curling-pins and powder, while Annette had barely recovered from her attack of sea-sickness, and was audibly expressing a wish that she had never left Hill Street, Mayfair.

But Hellard, with his eyes fixed upon the Calabrian mountains trembling under the glory of a new day, flushing to rose from crest to foot, saw nothing of his

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companions for the time. He was away in a new world, filled with the blue of the glittering Mediterranean, the shadows from the mighty cone of Etna—the black lava hollows in the Valle del Boye—the red of the walls of the Greek theatre, where Taormina towered on its sovereign height.

"The train is waiting," said Beaumont, touching his arm impatiently at last. "My dear fellow, this is all very nice, but I'd barter it for a sole fried to a T, and a mutton chop grilled as they can only do it at Frascati's."

Hellard, rousing himself, gave his arm mechanically to Miss Hadow, and they entered the train in silence. As he turned to look his last at Messina, Hellard gave a sudden cry, for on the platform staring after the departing train was a figure that he could have sworn was that of Mr. Hutton himself. Old and bent, he was leaning on his stick, looking earnestly after them, but in another moment Hellard was fain to acknowledge himself mistaken, for he remembered that Hutton passed for an invalid, and was too frail to leave the precincts of his own house or comfortable hotel for long together.

"What on earth is the matter?" said Miss Hadow, nervously. "Surely you have not seen any distressing sight. Really, these beggars are most aggravating—so wrong of people to be poor in a warm place—they must be thoroughly shiftless."

And with a murmur of reflections on the Government, Miss Hadow slipped off into a disturbed nap, from which she kept waking with little ejaculations of horror, and requests that Cicely would count her parcels, for she was convinced that the packing-case tied up with red braid was missing.

Hellard sat steadying himself on the ledge of the window, as the Sicilian train jolted uncomfortably along its narrow track. The monotony of the journey was relieved by their arrival at the various little stations, and the blowing of horns that heralded their departure again; the jolt with which the train started every time and the evident lack of Westinghouse brakes, rousing much comment from Miss Hadow and her companion.

But Hellard never forgot the look of the sea as they left Giardini in the ramshackle carriage that met them at the wayside station. Crawling up the face of the steep cliff, the two little barbs gallantly crested

the ascent, and when he looked down on Isola Bella a flight of swallows, dropping seawards like a cloud, caught the sun upon their feathers and turned to glittering gold.

CHAPTER VI

"Nay: too steep for hill mounting,
Nay, too late for cost counting,
This down-hill path is easy, but
There's no turning back."

FLORIO'S Hotel at Taormina nestles under the very walls of the Greek theatre, and is almost English in its comforts. Even Lady Cicely could find nothing to abuse in the clean floors of red lava carpeted with Indian matting, and the coloured walls of the lofty rooms, toned in pleasant blue and white. A long verandah ran in front of the building, and there the tables were laid for early breakfast of coffee and rolls in full view of one of the most exquisite scenes in the world.

It was not very early in the morning after their arrival that the whole party collected again at breakfast, for the remainder of the previous day had been spent in unpacking and settling into rooms that seemed to Miss Hadow's jaundiced eye to be sparsely furnished with the necessaries of life on further examination. She was a woman who speedily lost patience with life, and saw the disagreeable side of existence before any one else had gone further than the outer shell, and she had fallen foul of Caterina the chambermaid, and instituted a thorough cleansing of her bedroom, with a corresponding scouring of the verandah from which it communicated into the salon. It was with a triumphant air of success in having thoroughly aroused the lowest passions of the Florio family that Miss Hadow, attired in a hard holland gown adorned by a stiff linen collar, joined the remainder of her party at early breakfast, just as Caterina, with a brow of thunder, set down the shining plated coffee-pot and the glass jar of honey.

The hotel was fairly full, but they had already bespoken their table in the open air, and the guests behind them sipping their coffee at the long table, looked with something like envy at the new-comers who could afford to pay all the extra charges and to make it worth the while of Signor Florio to oblige them in every way.

Hellard was leaning with his elbows on

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the top rail of the verandah, oblivious of all around him. His eyes were on the wonder of the view about him, and he was wishing with all his heart that Mary Holland were with him, drinking in all this exquisite beauty with the whole power of her artistic nature. Below him the blue sea lapped a shore, foam-rimmed, of yellow sand, on which the Sicilian fishing boats were drawn up beyond reach of the tideless Mediterranean. The smiling valley under the mountains was green with olive glades and oak woods, and in the garden below him the birds were singing, and the song of the nightingale out-rivalled every other note. The little town, with its cathedral, its churches, and its towered palaces, was huddled up at the top of the sheer cliff, and above it, the castle hung upon a frowning crag, with the village of Mola above that again, with the sun streaming through broken walls many hundred feet nearer the sky. Etna was capped with smoke, light and filmy as a cloud, and the blackness of the dreary lava slopes was forgotten in the patches of golden broom and the intense blue and rose of the Alpine flowers that starred the edges of the great volcano, even after the last tree of the chestnut woods had ceased to flourish in the rarefied air. He could see the patches of snow in the hollows of the Vale del Bove, on which the sun never shines, and the long shadows that lay between him and the mountain seemed to turn to gold as he waited, so that every hollow was the home of a myriad rainbow colours that grew from the gossamer threads. He knew that such a scene lifted his heart heavenward, and he felt that within him was the longing for the higher life that he had always felt when in Mary's company; and so unconsciously his mind was led to her and her boy, and he linked the beauty of the place with his love for her.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hellard! Are you star-gazing? Poor Aunt Letitia has been waiting for your notice for quite an age, and there is your man with your letters."

He came down to earth again with a run and found Lady Cicely at his side, dazzlingly pretty and fresh in pale blue muslin, with a soft lace fichu and a cloud of tulle that did duty for a hat upon her bright hair. She brought the world back to him again as she spoke, and so did Beddows, waiting immovably by his chair with his letters. He bade her good-morn-

ing, and hastened to repair his breach of courtesy as regarded her aunt.

"I was so delighted with the view, Miss Hadow," he said apologetically. "It has beauty enough to turn any man's head, and yet win forgiveness for him."

"The view's well enough," returned Miss Hadow with a sniff, "only for gracious patience' sake let me know if this is all the honey for four persons. I should have preferred a filleted sole or a couple of eggs, and really, a bloater would have been almost preferable to this pernicious sweetness."

"Oh, Aunt Letitia!—bloaters and Mount Etna!" cried Cicely, with a glance of acute pain in Hellard's direction, but he was engaged with his letters and did not heed her.

There were a few of the ordinary communications that a millionaire receives—begging letters and requests for autographs—for a discreet paragraph in the Society papers had placed his affairs at the command of the English public, always interested in such matters—and one private letter, the handwriting of which he had every reason to know well. It was from Mr. Hutton, and, to his surprise, carried on its surface an Italian stamp:—

DEAR HELLARD,' it began, without date or address, "Just a line to say that the term 'associate' is a too wide one for my meaning. You retain the million of money only on condition that you take no interest in the affairs—nor in any way do kindnesses to, any persons in a lower position in life to yourself. Your wealth places you now on a footing with those people with whom you are travelling, and I shall have means of knowing whether my conditions are acted up to, as Jabez Hutton's fortune was never intended to ease the lot of fools, and they are only fools who can sink in the scale of humanity out of their proper place. But if I know your character, as I think I do, I shall not have to complain of any laxity on this score, and at the end of six months you will still be a millionaire.

"Yours very truly,

"J. DEVELIN HUTTON."

Hellard, meditating over this letter, lifted his eyes towards the radiant country again, and found his valet looking at him in a fixed manner. It was a very strange glance of absolute knowledge that entirely bewildered Hellard, but it was all

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over in a moment, and Beddows was smoothing out the newspapers and gauging the contents of the cream-jug with the absorbed air of a good servant. And when Hellard later tried to extract some information as to his past career by a series of questions, Beddows was sublimely ignorant of a life that dated further back than when he was confidential man to Lord Arthur Conroy.

After breakfast he made a point of destroying his letter from Hutton with a feeling that thereby he was burning something that was an unholy compact between him and the giver of the money. He was at first inclined to dispute Hutton's right in disposing of his free-will, but remembered with a pang that he held his fortune only conditionally, and he recognised the first down-hill step in the ease with which he accommodated himself to circumstances.

He was writing letters, when a tap came at his door, and Beddows appeared with a message from Lady Cicely to say that they had gone up into the Greek theatre, and would Hellard join them as soon as possible; and not unwilling to put thought aside, he took up his hat and went out through the blinding glare of sunlight into the cool depths of the ruin.

Cicely Dare was sitting in a corner of the arch, and she made room for him with a pretty gesture of welcome.

"I was lonely out here," she said. "Aunt Letitia has seen an inlaid chest of drawers that she wants to buy, and she and Captain Beaumont have gone off with the intent of beating down the unfortunate owner a few lire. How she proposes to convey it to Hill Street is another question."

"That will be no difficulty," said Hellard, taking the vacant place.

"No—so you millionaires always say. Money can do everything, can't it?"

"Yes," said Hellard; "I suppose so."

"It is the most delightful thing in the world," said Lady Cicely with a faint sigh. "The want of it is the only real trouble in life."

Hellard had thought so once, he was not sure that he did not think so still, but he was open to conviction for the moment from either side.

"I am not certain on that fact," he said argumentatively. "I have heard that all sorrow is the outcome of sin, but have yet to learn that poverty is a sin, though it may lead to sin."

"That shows how little you know of what you are talking," cried his companion gaily. "There can be no alleviation in poverty—even in genteel penury—and when you are rich, you can soften every evil, even bad health. I am quite sure that if people are on the verge of starvation, they must have been brought there by their own folly, and that is criminal."

She had entirely forgotten that in him she was addressing a man whom she had met so short a time ago, in such a condition, but the prosperous man in the immaculate suit had forgotten nothing, and his answer showed it.

"I know how the world treats the poor man," he said bitterly: "I know that a poor man would prefer——"

He broke off suddenly, conscious that he had been on the verge of saying something that he would have regretted—something that would put Lady Cicely in an awkward position and compel an explanation.

She saw the danger, and returned lightly: "Oh! the world—who cares about the world? I would dearly love to live in a place like this with the man I loved—the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' Say in one of those white villas on the cliffs where we could watch the sun rise and the moon set, and be like the lotus-eaters—drowsing away our lives in one blissful afternoon."

She had spoken daringly, and for an instant Hellard fancied that there was real passion in her words.

"You would get tired of it," he said gravely; "and, besides, what use would you be to your fellow-creatures?"

"Of what use are we now, you or I?" she cried, then paused at his stricken face—"I beg your pardon, perhaps you are really the most philanthropic person on earth—perhaps you are of the sort who do good by stealth and blush to find themselves famous." Her lovely mocking face, framed by the ruddy brick, looked back at him, and he rose abruptly.

"I never do good—it is an impossibility," he said awkwardly. "Come and climb higher up, this place oppresses me."

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall," she quoted, giving him one long, lingering glance from under her black lashes and challenging the answering couplet.

He laughed, and in another moment they were racing up the green slope like

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two children, where they stood at last on the summit, with the sun-flash from the Mediterranean dazzling their eyes, and the shadow from the marble-quarried mountain about them reflected back from the pink walls.

Lady Cicely had been in love with Stephen Hellard in old days, though her worldly wisdom had preached down what little heart she possessed, and although she could not in the might of her vanity have contemplated a marriage that would have meant a social descent, yet now even, with only his original £1500 a year, she would gladly have married him, and how much more readily, seeing that he was a millionaire. She would risk a great deal to win him, but perhaps she did not altogether realise that she was risking his respect by her open tactics, although he had said to himself once already that a man might do worse in his position than marry a girl who was so essentially a woman of the world to her finger-tips. She was ignorant of the conditions by which he held his fortune, but even though he would not break them in the letter, yet he might do so in the spirit, should he finally make up his mind to break entirely with the past.

Miss Hadow was conversationally annoyed at luncheon. She was vexed with the Sicilian idea of a mid-day meal, which she said reminded her of a high tea in Pentonville. She was vexed at the heat, and at the fact that the chest of drawers was palpably a fraud on closer inspection; and the sight of her niece, cool and fresh in her muslin gown, added fuel to the fire.

"If I could have sat in the shade all day, I should have thoroughly enjoyed the morning," she concluded tartly. "And Walter Beaumont was not even an amusing companion. I declare it was a relief when he announced his intention of walking over the mountain to some place or other. His eyes were always on the theatre and never on the Sicilian who was doing his best to cheat me."

Cicely blushed a little, and Hellard laughed.

"You see, Lady Cicely, what a lodestar you are to your poor votaries."

"Walter Beaumont is no votary of mine," she answered sharply. "How should he be, when he has not two halfpennies to rub against one another!"

The frank worldliness of her tone annoyed

Hellard, and he pushed aside his plate of purple figs.

"In fact, Lady Cicely," he said sarcastically, "you and I are of the same mind. Brains or personal charms count as nought compared to the solid virtue of English gold. Beaumont might be as witty as Molière, or as handsome as a Greek statue, but if Midas came round the corner with his millions——"

He ended with a shrug, and the girl laughed prettily.

"Ah! well, not quite so bad as that. But you and I are agreed, Mr. Hellard, that money is the principal factor in happiness."

Was he agreed on that disastrous creed? He could not be sure, even after a fortnight of experience as a millionaire. He was beginning to find that there was a want of interest in an existence that had not to look at both sides of a sovereign before it left his possession. He could do absolutely what he wished, but he felt at that moment that he wished for nothing.

He was sitting in his room watching the sun dapple the lava floor through the green shutters. He had contemplated a siesta, but the bed with its gauze curtains invited him in vain—he could not sleep. He was wondering what Mary Holland had said when she found him gone, and what Gabriel had done when he saw the golden horse. He could fancy his joy, but he could see the sorrowful look upon Mary's face as she read his letter of explanation. He had not been strong enough to resist the temptation of riches, and even he could not tell whither it would lead him. His two natures were at war with one another, and for the present the lower had the domination.

There was a knock at his door, and he flung himself into a busy attitude at his writing-table, as Beddows entered.

"Would you have any objection, sir, to my having this afternoon to myself?" he said, with a discreet glance round the room which noted the unwritten paper and the empty inkstand.

"Oh, certainly! certainly!" Hellard said hastily, with a sense of relief at the thought that he should be free from what seemed to be almost espionage for a short time.

"I thought of going down to Messina, sir, for some shopping. Could I do anything for you?"

The stately presence was still at his

door hesitating, with the handle in his fingers.

"Pray do—I require nothing," Hellard replied, with a touch of impatience, and Beddows withdrew as noiselessly as he had arrived.

As soon as the house was silent again, Hellard rose and went down into the garden by the flight of steps leading from the long window of his bedroom. He wanted to escape from his travelling companions for awhile and be alone to enjoy the real delight with which he was regarding the scenery about him. The garden gave on to the street through a wooden door in the wall, and with the sense of a naughty child escaping from its nurse, he slipped back the latch and stood in one of the narrow by-streets of the town, alone. He made his way across the road, and up a steep incline that led out on to the hills, drawing in the fresh air with every breath of his lungs, till he stood far above the town, with the white houses of Taormina nestling on the cliff below him, and the Mediterranean glittering like a shield of blue as far as the eye could reach. There was a small house that he could distinguish on his right hand, set in a grove of olive trees and fig bushes, and shut off from the path by an iron gate. It had an indefinable English air about its exterior, and about the muslin curtains that fluttered in the light wind behind the green shutters. He found

himself looking at it rather curiously, with a sense of interest, when the gate suddenly opened and a little girl of about eleven years old came swiftly out. Her face was pinched and white, and her breath coming and going in quick gasps of terror. But she was evidently accustomed to rigid self-



SHE CAUGHT AT HIS ARM AND STEADIED
HER VOICE THROUGH ITS SOBS

control, for she caught at his arm and steadied her voice through its sobs:

"Oh, come—come—mother is very ill," she said. "Oh! I am glad to find some one—I am so frightened," and without a moment's hesitation, he followed her into the garden and shut the gate behind him.

(To be continued.)



Morley's Life of Gladstone

BY PRINCIPAL RAINY, D.D.

IT is vain to attempt a show of adequacy in our notice of this remarkable book.

The undertaking was for Mr. Morley a great test of literary skill, fidelity, and right feeling. The result does him the highest credit. But what a mass of history and what a stream of biography it brings before us!

Mr. Gladstone was born in 1809. He entered Parliament in 1832, became a Government official in 1834. He was associated with Sir Robert Peel in the great fiscal reforms, and in the repeal of the Corn Laws. He became a member of Lord Aberdeen's Government in 1853, and in 1859 he took office under Lord Palmerston, which constituted his official adherence to Liberalism. His great financial reputation was now established. He was leader of the Commons under Earl Russell in 1865. In 1868 he became Prime Minister, again in 1880, in 1886 and in 1892. On the ground of failing sight and hearing, he retired in 1894. In 1839 he had married Miss Catherine Gwynne, and his home was a rarely happy one. As to public life, one recalls his early book on the Church in relation to the State, the Tractarian movement with its exciting results, the European revolutions of 1848 and after, the fiscal and Colonial reforms, the Crimean War, the Education question in its various stages, the reform of the Universities, the franchise questions, the rise of the German, and the fall of the French Empire, Majuba in South Africa, Egypt and Khartoum, Church and State questions, becoming more pressing in his later years, and the long-drawn-out trouble of Ireland, culminating in the two forms of the Home Rule project, on which amid boundless excitement and division of judgment his latest public efforts were expended. These are fragments of the list. Recalling these stirring passages, and the central position of the man who, whether right or wrong, always strove to deal with each event on what seemed to him principles of right, one is bewildered at the idea of judging and summing up the whole.

Well, as one reads the life, that intense and energetic nature seems to be among us

again. Yet the vision comes in a softened light, and the whole rises before the mind as it could not do in the time of actual toil and strife; the great elements of character and the great motives of decision take their proper place. We understand better, which is a great gain.

One common impression about Gladstone is, that whatever his great qualities, he was sombre and imperious, as a man of his quality must be sometimes pre-occupied, and vehement stories could be told to bear that impression out. But that idea must be qualified. As Gladstone put his whole mind into the questions he dealt with, he could not be easily moved from his ground. But the evidence is clear that his habit was self-control—courtesy in meeting on common ground men who had a right to speak, patience in discussion and patience with serious differences of judgment. He reckoned all that to be his duty, and he possessed in full the natural courtesy which made it his point of honour. Still, one of the forces which made him what he was, was a capacity for being angry. Sometimes it came out quite funnily. On one occasion the writer met with him on the evening of a busy day in one of his great campaigns. The day's impression had been marred in his opinion by some well-meant stupidity of a parliamentary adherent. No one else probably thought much about it, but Mr. Gladstone reported the conduct that might have spoiled his meeting with a solemnity of wrath that was highly diverting.

Certainly the impression of an open and gracious nature was what one gathered from his conversation. No attempts shall be made here to characterise it, and it did not lend itself to be judged by samples. It left you with the sense of a delightful mental atmosphere, the atmosphere of one who lived in large and rich worlds, with an unfailing note of nobility—he thought nobly and he took others on their nobler side. But the point is that it was in no degree over-bearing. He did not try to dominate the talk, though of course there were times when his mind was full of some subject which dominated

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him. But usually he took topics as they came, talked on any with singular vitality and brightness. And he was quite capable of giving himself up to sheer fun and merriment. If topics failed he took you on your own department, welcomed what you could tell him, and had some unexpected contribution to make to the subjects you thought you knew best. For example, if he asked you about the supply of students for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he would tell you presently of the difficulties in that department of the Roman Catholic Church in England, confirming it by a statement of the exact number of Belgian priests doing duty at the time in Roman Catholic churches in Liverpool. Mr. Morley has given charming recollections of talk in his third volume.¹

The permanent impressions about a public man must be based on his public achievements. Amid all the variety of his interests Gladstone's life, as Mr. Morley has said, was in the main the life of a statesman—his business was "to work the institutions of his country." The biographer also remarks again as "a signal trait" that "not for two centuries had our island produced a ruler in whom the religious motive was paramount in the like degree." These are therefore the main points. In saying a word or two about them, contentious assertions shall be as much as possible avoided.

Is it correct to say that as a statesman Mr. Gladstone's development was slow? He himself has suggested it (*Life*, I., p. 453). One would not be apt to say this of a man who came to his public career with high University distinction, who was in office before he was twenty-six, and whose note of distinction all along was keenness and competency. There is just one sense in which Gladstone "ripened slowly"; and that explains also many of the reproaches to which he was exposed.

Gladstone began his career with full conviction as a Tory born and bred, and he became at last the leader of Liberalism. That was his destiny. The mental qualities which laid him open to such a change characterised him from the first. But their working was delayed and complicated not merely by family and party ties, but by

strong inward prepossessions and loyalties, which yielded only step by step. A man who is destined to such a career, is necessarily destined also to be the object of strong suspicions as to his integrity, and to antipathies, as if he had betrayed a good cause. It was so in the earlier instance of Peel. Gladstone, like Peel, was the son of an able, self-made man, who had risen by his own energy, and whose sympathies were with strong government.

A visitor at Fasque narrated to the writer a little scene. It was in the days that followed the repeal of the Corn Laws. Sir John totally disapproving of this, was yet visibly pleased with the place his son was taking in political life. One morning at breakfast—only one present besides the father and the son—Sir John from behind his newspaper emitted sundry denunciations of the effects of the repeal on the landed interest. It was ruined. "I can't believe, Sir," said William, "things are so hopeless: I see in the paper to-day that a friend of mine has been buying land. He is a capital judge both of business and land, and I think he knows what he is doing." "Ah, William," quoth Sir John, "ye have me there."

Old Gladstone deserved respect and confidence, which the son cordially gave him; and Oxford confirmed the inherited political bias. Yet methods of research and instincts of inquiry were present in Gladstone as in Peel, which wrought revolutions as the years advanced. In Gladstone's case the tumult of criticism and reproach was still louder than in Peel's. Though the tenacity of his nature long delayed the final break with Conservatism, yet his political change was in the end more thorough than Peel's, and expressed itself in forms more startling and explosive. There was this farther complication, that Gladstone was intensely possessed by religious principles, on which men differed widely and felt acutely. Finally Gladstone, as compared with Peel, had the more aggressive, impulsive, missionary nature; probably also he was less able to conceive justly how his conclusions would appear to other minds. One need not wonder that such a man, continuing to live and to live intensely during a political life of sixty-two years, should gather round him much of eager partisanship, and at the same time should rouse irritations and antipathies which were receiving fresh accretions almost to the end.

¹ But read the letters to the Duchess of Sutherland in the second volume. They play round public topics, but they are full of the glow of private friendship.

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Those who judge his course to have been largely perverse, may naturally suspect that the meaner motives had more to do with it than he was himself aware of. The Life will give pause to these judgments. To his own thinking the history of his life, politically, was this: starting from an order of thought which regarded liberty as a dangerous force to be sedulously watched and restrained, his mind opened gradually, and at first reluctantly, to a sense of its priceless worth.¹ Onlookers will add that another element which determined the form and force of his career was a passion for justice and burning indignation at wrong. This revealed itself signally in the cases of Naples and of Bulgaria: but it was always present. Men will differ whether this impulse always in his case found its proper objects. But it was a great element in the man.

Some of the most interesting questions about Mr. Gladstone connect themselves with the religious side of his life. Mr. Morley has intimated that he does not think himself the man to expound Mr. Gladstone's position in this respect. But with great fidelity and skill he has done for us the best thing possible, in allowing this element to appear in a natural way and in its proper place. Many, including the writer, differed widely from Mr. Gladstone on points of belief which he reckoned important. But no one can read the life without a profound impression of the supreme place which religion had in him. This does not ensure a man against errors. Under the influence of religious emotions it is possible for us to consecrate our mistakes, and to clothe them with an authority they do not deserve. That is a well-known danger to which every religious man is exposed, and against which he has to guard. Gladstone knew this. He knew also how religion may become a pretext for worse evil:—

"There is one proposition which the experience of life burns into my soul—that a man should beware of letting his religion spoil his morality. In a thousand ways, some great, some small, we are daily tempted to this great sin" (Vol. II. 185).

But this was the element that sustained and dignified his life. It gave him the confidence of many who on theological, as on other details, were far from being at one with him; they saw that he feared God.

He began with the Evangelical belief,

¹ Vol. III. 535, and elsewhere.

which had nourished saintly lives among his relatives. At Oxford he began to regard some of its teachings as too narrow; and the tone at least of High Churchism became familiar to him; but the early teaching had already fixed in his mind the great faiths on which he built to the end. A more definite influence which was in the air soon reached him, as in those days it reached so many. The more sacramental side of the Prayer-book suggested a new order of thoughts, and a visit to Rome—especially his first visit to St. Peter's—flashed upon him a vivid impression of the Unity of the Church, and of the place in Christianity to be accorded to it. Henceforth the atmosphere in which his religious life breathed was that of High Church Anglicanism: only, he gradually became milder in his judgment of others, while steadfast for himself. But his attitude to religious privilege and obligation was always the same, from the time when, as a youth, writing to his father, he explained his growing desire for the office of the ministry, on the ground of the nobility of the work and the deplorable needs of the world, on to the latest day of his life. When he went into politics and became a statesman, it was with this as his purpose, to serve God and the Church.

One point is his relation to Romanism. He owns that he took a mild view of the theoretical differences between Rome and Canterbury. Also his ties with the Tractarian party, his vigorous battles for their most assailable men, his intimate friendship with Newman, Manning, and Hope Scott, his whole attitude, in a word, brought him under vehement suspicion. He was accused as not merely a Romanist, but a Jesuit. All this was in the main a mistake. It can be strongly maintained that the man who is a Tractarian ought in logic to be a Romanist. But Gladstone at all events never thought so. Indeed it has always appeared to the writer that Gladstone was even singularly insensible to the temptations or the attractions Romewards which operated so irresistibly on some of his friends; nor is it easy to explain it. On one occasion, when the Oxford movement was the subject of conversation, some of the obvious considerations which might explain the secession to Rome of men like Newman and Manning were suggested. Gladstone put them aside rather impatiently. Why then, he was asked, did the

men go? He accounted for it by this, that they had taken up ground which ruined their prospects in the Church of England, and left them little future there; and they went over to Rome to get out of the difficulty. This was very surprising: but it must be added that probably he was thinking most of Manning. One could see a feeling of irritation in regard to Manning's secession, as if it had something unworthy about it.¹ The same feeling reappears in the *Life* (I. 387). But he could hardly have spoken as he did if he had been himself sensitive to the peculiar strain which Newman and Manning must have endured. Gladstone did, no doubt, cherish a friendly feeling towards both the Latin and the Greek communions. But he had a very bad opinion of modern Romanism as a system, and he felt no temptation to leave the Church of England.

It may be worth while to mention an anecdote he told on the occasion just referred to. Shortly before Manning went over Mr. Gladstone was attending church, and received the communion. As he was kneeling at the altar Manning came up the aisle and knelt beside him. The service was proceeding when Manning started up, saying, "I can't bear this sort of thing any longer," and left the church.

Gladstone, as his life advanced, cultivated intercourse with notable Nonconformists. It may not be quite easy to represent to oneself the exact mood of mind in which he did so. Of course, as they represented a section of the community more prompt than any other to sympathise with his passion for liberty and his indignation at wrong, it was worth a statesman's while to cultivate their friendship. But there was certainly more in it, something of real interest and predilection. On the other hand, it would be a great mistake to suppose that Gladstone became attracted to Nonconformity as such. Probably he found it more and more an interesting and stimulating thing to feel himself on com-

mon ground of positive Christianity with devout men, who yet were different from his Church associates in the cast of their Christianity; just as a Nonconformist may recognise a grace of its own in some types of Church devoutness, without any desire to leave the fellowship which more fully satisfies his conscience and his heart. Gladstone took a great interest in the affairs of all Churches: but it may be doubted whether he could worship comfortably, even as an exception, in any but his own.

As the place held by religion in the life of Gladstone has been referred to, it may be permissible to close with a little scene. On a Sunday afternoon or evening at Hawarden the party in the drawing-room included two guests. One was Lord Ripon, who, it may be remembered, had joined the Church of Rome. The other was a statesman who diverged from the Church of England in a different direction and not less widely. Conversation had been going on with the usual ease, but at a certain point Mr. Gladstone rose, went to a side-table where two silver candlesticks stood, and lighted the candles. Taking one in each hand he approached his guests, and begged them to come with him. They rose and went, not knowing why, but conjecturing that perhaps some political event required consultation. The prime minister guided them along a passage to a room, where he set down his candles, and said that he hoped they could occupy themselves pleasantly for a time; there were books and writing materials. He then departed. The two conjectured vainly what the object of their pilgrimage might be, till in a little while the sound of hymns proceeding from the direction of the drawing-room suggested the explanation. Mr. Gladstone was not going to interrupt the usual Sunday occupations of the family. At the same time he provided against his friends feeling themselves in an awkward or false position. The picture of the aged statesman, with a candle in each hand, marching off his questionable guests to safer quarters, is a vignette which is surely worth preserving in a corner of one's fancy.

¹ Purcell's *Life of Manning* had not then appeared. The writer believes it modified favourably Gladstone's impression of Manning's motives in the great step of his life.



Irish Viceroy of Two Centuries

BY T. H. S. ESCOTT

"THIS sort of thing I suppose has gone quite out." Fitting the action to the words the speaker, who happened to be Charles Lever the novelist, imitated the movement of one cocking and levelling a pistol by holding up and pointing his nutcrackers, across the walnuts and the wine, at the head of his host, who happened to be the late Sir William Gregory, sometime member for Galway, the entertainer of Lever, with one or two more, at his Irish country house near Gort. The little incident happened between the date of the first Irish visit paid by King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, together with his mother, and Gregory's resignation of his seat on appointment to the Ceylon Governorship. The political services of the author of "Charles O'Malley," in *Blackwood's Magazine*, to his

party were rewarded by an Italian consulship about the same time that his former host and life-long friend received the most coveted of all colonial preferments. Lever died at his post in 1872. Gregory survived him nearly twenty years, living to find himself among the most widely popular of intellectual Irishmen in London society, and—a position for which he had long entertained a fancy—a trustee of the National Gallery. The year which first took King Edward across St. George's Channel, during Lord Clarendon's Viceroyship, witnessed the close of an Irish era, whose social peculiarity had been pantomimically symbolised by the nutcrackers at Gregory's dinner-table.

With Lord Clarendon's great triumph, the passing of the Encumbered Estates Act,



JOHN WILLIAM, FOURTH EARL OF BESSBOROUGH. DIED 1847

Irish Viceroy of Two Centuries

July 1849, the Ireland of Sir Jonah Barrington, of convivial and feudal romance—the social *régime*, in fact, of the Middle Ages—came to an end. The Estates Commissioners met at Dublin for the first time in the October of the twelvemonth that introduced King Edward, when heir apparent, to the land of the Celt. They closed their court in the latest days of July 1858. The interval separating those two events witnessed the final scene in a national transformation act. Within rather more than half a generation, the personnel of the classes, giving the tone and setting the fashion to Irish society, had been changed. The establishment of new standards of social orthodoxy followed. National modes and habits of life went out—the methods of Anglo-Saxon gentility took their place. Such were the results following the sale of more than twenty thousand properties and the realisation of more than twenty millions by their embarrassed owners.

The Viceroyships, coincident with the transition from the old Ireland to the new, were chiefly those of Lord Bessborough and of Lord Clarendon. Originally settled in a Cumberland district called after their own name, the Ponsonbys came to Ireland in Cromwell's time; Sir John, the founder of the Irish house, received his Irish estate as a reward for a brilliant colonelcy of the Protector's crack cavalry corps. His second son, of the same name as himself, gave the Irish House of Commons its most polished and popular as well as its raciest Speaker. The Irish Viscountcy of Duncannon proved the stepping-stone from knightship to the Bessborough earldom. The fourth earl, throughout his long life, was never anything but an agreeable and interesting centre, round which much political life revolved. His stately and genial presence supplied the earliest and the most characteristic of the connecting-links between the social life of the Victorian and of the Georgian eras.

Closely related to the Lord Spencer who had been the associate of Carlisle, Fitzpatrick, Fox, and Grey in the most brilliant period of Devonshire House, by manner, sympathies and tastes, he belonged more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century. His commanding reputation originally rested less on great talents than on admirable personal qualities—imperturbable serenity of temper, a quiet sense of humour that made him the best of companions, a keen eye for the absurd, in which



GEORGE, FOURTH LORD CLARENDON

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on the occasion of the King's first visit to that country in 1849

he found the same practical help as greater men have derived from philosophy. None of his characteristic sayings seem to have appeared in print. Several of them have been orally handed down. Some of the most characteristic may be given now. Lord Derby's failure in 1851 to form an administration was probably due to the timidity of Herries and the impracticability of Henley. Bessborough meeting both the same day described Herries as "looking like an old doctor who had just killed a patient," and Henley "like the undertaker who was to bury him." To the same period belonged two other remarks in the same vein. When at last the Derby government came into being, Bessborough happened to meet at dinner the Tory Whip, a great character in his day, "Ben" Stanley. "What place was to be given to a certain sporting peer?" "Oh," replied the Whip, "the Buckhounds of course. That is the only thing for men who reek of the stables." Bessborough, like Lord Granville, who also happened to be of the company, had himself held that horsey office. Quietly turning to Lord Granville, he remarked, "Rather

Irish Viceroy of Two Centuries

rough on us. Before we are quite deodorised for anything better, let us hurry into quarantine, in the purifying atmosphere of the room inhabited by Treasury understrappers."

The second reading of the Papal Aggression Bill, debated March 26, 1851, drew forth a capital speech from the third Sir Robert Peel, the great statesman's eldest son. "It was," said Bessborough, perhaps echoing Disraeli, "so straightforward and honest that his father, had he been there, must have disowned him." The late Lord Granville once apologised for his unconscionable number of sisters, cousins, and aunts to be found in the peerage. The exact words will perhaps be given in Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's forthcoming *Life of Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Secretary*. The Irish Viceroy just before the first visit of Queen Victoria's successor, had pleasantly pleaded guilty to the same soft impeachment, in a speech at a send-off dinner before leaving London. Lord Bessborough's personal charm and attraction for all classes may be judged from two facts. When William IV. had denounced the Whigs as "the greatest rascals with which it had pleased Providence ever to curse the earth," the King, while refusing to see the chiefs of the anathematised party, continued his personal friendship to Lord Bessborough who had acted as their Whip. During his last illness, while he yet lived, though hope of recovery was despaired of, the Irish capital offered up, in all its places of worship, a unanimous prayer that "a life so precious to the country" might be preserved. The purity and happiness of the Viceroy's home life had combined with his wise administration to place him in the rank of Irish worthies. On the night of his death, after the doctor's last visit, he quietly felt his own pulse. Remarking that the end must be near, he summoned to his bedside all the seventeen members of his family; even after he had taken leave of them he dictated letters to Lord John Russell, to some other of his colleagues. The end, coming soon after midnight, found every quarter of the city in mourning, women, children, and strong men dissolved in tears. Before his vice-regal days began, Lord Bessborough's calm, clear judgment and experience had made him a Whig sage, as well as the adviser, most trusted on his own side, in those days, by the Queen and Prince Consort. A

born politician, he scarcely aspired to statesmanship. The amiable composure that was the secret of his administrative success had come to him as a family gift. One of his ancestors, terribly wounded in the battle of Waterloo, had passed the night on the field, feeling himself to become weaker every moment from loss of blood. Conscious that the least agitation must be fatal, he dismissed all fear; he was found in the morning sleeping calmly, breathing gently as a child. Consummate self-control had saved his life. Just such another was Lord Clarendon's predecessor, as the Sovereign's representative in the Irish capital.

On July 25, 1839 a "full dress" debate on Spanish affairs kept the Peers sitting long after their usual hour. The discussion resolved itself into a series of Homeric encounters between champions of famous name and family on either side. Especially keen were the anticipations of the oratorical duel known to have been arranged between two men whose titles were charged with historic associations. The successor of the magnificent noble who had represented England at the Vienna Congress, Lord Londonderry, was pitted against a direct descendant of the Lord Clarendon whose word-pictures of the characters in the Great Rebellion had deepened, if not created, the popular reaction which restored the second Charles to his father's throne. Lord Bessborough's eventual successor had thoroughly studied Spanish questions on the spot, when, before coming into his title, he had gone as ambassador to the Peninsula in 1833. That was the first important appearance in Parliament of one destined to follow Lord Bessborough at Dublin Castle. No success could have been more complete, decisive, or have raised higher hopes to be fulfilled in the near future. The patrician period of politics had not then closed; a nation's leaders were still naturally looked for among the Lords. The noble sportsmen who then formed the majority of the Upper House freely exchanged bets on Lord Clarendon's future; odds were actually offered on his being at the head of the Foreign Office within another ten years. Some declared he would reach the Premiership at a single bound; others predicted that a spirit so manifestly superior to existing political environment could only breathe freely in some future combination of Parties. Then he might repeat the triumph of Chatham—trample on precedent and save a people.

Irish Viceroys of Two Centuries

The first instalment of fulfilled prophecy was witnessed when the hero of the 1839 debate became Lord Melbourne's Privy Seal in 1840. Indeed before going to Ireland, Lord Clarendon, almost in as great a degree as Lord Bessborough, had been the life and soul of the Whigs at home, had filled many great offices, had declined almost as many more—amongst them the Governorship of Canada. The brother of Bright and Cobden's ally, C. P. Villiers, he, more than any other peer on his side, brought the Free Trade Bill through the Upper House. Confident had been the anticipations of a coalition between the moderate Whigs and the Tories to retain Protection. In the May of 1846 the territorial nobles of moderately progressive sympathies, meeting at Lansdowne House, were very near agreeing to support a Conservative amendment which would have destroyed Peel's chances. Clarendon drew aside Lord Minto and Lord John Russell, with the result that the moderate Whigs were entirely over-ruled. In Lord Palmerston's phrase, "the villierishness of the Villierses had carried everything"; it had pledged the whole party to total repeal. About this time too Lord Clarendon met with a social experience which he used to work up into an admirable anecdote, often in after years, at his Dublin dinners, related by him with admirable humour. Coming home from Brooks', he thought he recognised in St. James' Street a remarkable face, that of the coming founder of the second French Empire, who had indeed, fresh from his French captivity, just landed in England, without the fact having yet become known to any one. That evening, or a few nights later, the Duke of Beaufort gave a dinner-party at Hamilton House. As the guests were entering the dining-room, Clarendon quietly said to the French *attaché* who was among them, "Have you seen him?" "Whom?" "Why, Louis Napoleon; he has just escaped from Ham." "I never," continued Lord Clarendon, "saw such a look of terror come over a



After the picture by Gilbert Graham

ARCHIBALD WILLIAM, THIRTEENTH EARL OF EGLINTON.
DIED 1861

man. The *attaché* dropped the lady who was on his arm, with one jump cleared the dining-room, passed out of the hall door, flung himself into a cab." Lord Clarendon never thought of making his Irish home the same cosmopolitan centre of intellectual and fashionable life as the place became afterwards in Lord Carlisle's day, when Edward Smyth Pigott, the late dramatic censor, to some extent, acted as master of the very decorous revels.

The most typical qualities of his family were impersonated in Lord Clarendon's countenance and manner, as in those of his brother, C. P. Villiers. Those attributes

Irish Viceroys of Two Centuries

were happily summed up by a later Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, in the Horatian phrase—*grata protervitas*. Neither of these brothers wanted the well-bred composure of the old Whig. The dignity of both blended itself with a certain survival of boyishness, like that with which Palmerston, to the day of his death, overflowed. Personally, Lord Clarendon, throughout his whole career, enjoyed more of acceptance with Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort than fell to the lot of any other Minister of his time. The royal visit of 1849 entirely grew out of his suggestion. Apropos of that event he said, "I am never very sanguine about things here, but after four years' suffering the people contrast the present influx of strangers and money with the long spell of preceding distress. They associate the Crown with the dawn of a new era; the Prince's interest in all that has to do with the cultivation of the soil has convinced them that their country's regeneration depends upon improved agriculture." That of course formed the

central idea of Clarendon's administration. The already-mentioned Encumbered Estates Act was entirely his work. That measure, as he expected, created, in the manner described above, the country anew. Just half a century after his day another royal voyage across St. George's Channel has revived the talk, first current in 1850, about abolishing the Lord Lieutenantcy. The date first fixed for that repeal seems to have been New Year's Day, 1851. By tolerably universal consent, it has since been postponed to the Greek Kalends.

This perfect specimen of the patrician English Whig was closely followed at Dublin Castle by a Scotch magnifico, splendidly representative of the principle of birth. To-day the thirteenth Earl of Eglinton is most clearly and splendidly remembered as the deviser of the tournament, at which, in 1839, the late Lord Dufferin's mother was "Queen of Beauty," and Louis Napoleon, entering the lists, jousting with the then Lord Elcho, still surviving as the Earl of Wemyss. In Parliament, Lord Eglinton, Lord Clarendon's opponent, had acted together

with Lord Malmesbury as Tory Whip in the Upper House, during the whole season of the Corn Law controversy. "Bad beyond bad" is the phrase, in which a not too friendly critic described more than one of Eglinton's speeches against the policy of freeing the ports. In his own country, especially in his native Lowlands, this scion of the picturesquely ancient houses of Montgomerie and Seton is still remembered as the best landlord, the truest Scot of his time; it was a not very distant ancestor of his who had shed tears at the "misery and slavery of being united to England." Like his contemporary, the Whig Carlisle, the Tory Eglinton had been sent to Eton. His real and perhaps only education came from the historic novels of Sir Walter Scott. The knightly pageant at his castle was only one incidental expression of the taste and colour with which the literature of chivalrous romance had suffused his being. His station, his opportunities and responsibilities impelled him to a place among nineteenth-century statesmen. Otherwise he often, not altogether jestingly,



From a photo by Mayall

SEVENTH EARL OF CARLISLE, K.G. DIED 1864

Irish Viceroy of Two Centuries



Photo by Chancellor, Dublin

LORD CARNARVON

remarked, "Who knows that like a second Don Quixote I might not have bestridden another Rosinante?" If he remained only a practical Conservative, that was because feudal Toryism had become merely a gospel of political perfection. There mingled also with the sentiment, of which, in matters of state, he was largely compact, the strong and saving common-sense of the hard-headed, keen-visioned Scotch Lowlander. Nothing could better illustrate the fusion of these different attributes than his speech at the first Burns Festival ever held in Ayrshire. In 1852 a Scotch noble of convinced Protestantism was not the Viceroy whom the Irish priesthood could have been expected to welcome. Lord Eglinton never swerved from his loyalty to the principle of national education, as opposed to the educational schemes of concurrent endowment favoured by the Roman Church. At the same time he wounded no papal susceptibilities; he left no sense of personal smart in an hierarchy incessant in its efforts

to counterwork the educational policy of the whole government. His bearing towards all classes in the sister island was marked by an urbane gravity; by a demeanour that, if sometimes distant, was always genial; by a homely eloquence which might be serious, but which was not more removed from extravagance than from dullness. So successful during his first term of office had Lord Eglinton been in touching the Irish heart by his kindness, in satisfying the Irish mind by his wisdom and tact, that, on his second appointment to Dublin Castle in 1858, his return secured him a welcome that was, in its way, a triumph.

Picture the Lord Rosebery of the twentieth century a few years in advance of his real age, of a presence somewhat more imposing, with nothing of the Scot in his carriage or conversation. No bad idea will thus be formed by readers in 1903 of the seventh Earl of Carlisle, in the year he first represented the Queen in Ireland, 1855. The principles and ideas embodied in his administration were as distinct and definite as had been the ideas animating the administration of any who had preceded him, from Lord Bessborough and Lord Clarendon to the head of the Scotch Montgomeries. Carlisle's antiquity of descent from "belted Will Howard" and other ancestors, equally famous in chronicle or legend, gave his personality the same attractive background



Photo by Elliott and Fry

EARL OF ABERDEEN

Irish Viceroy of Two Centuries

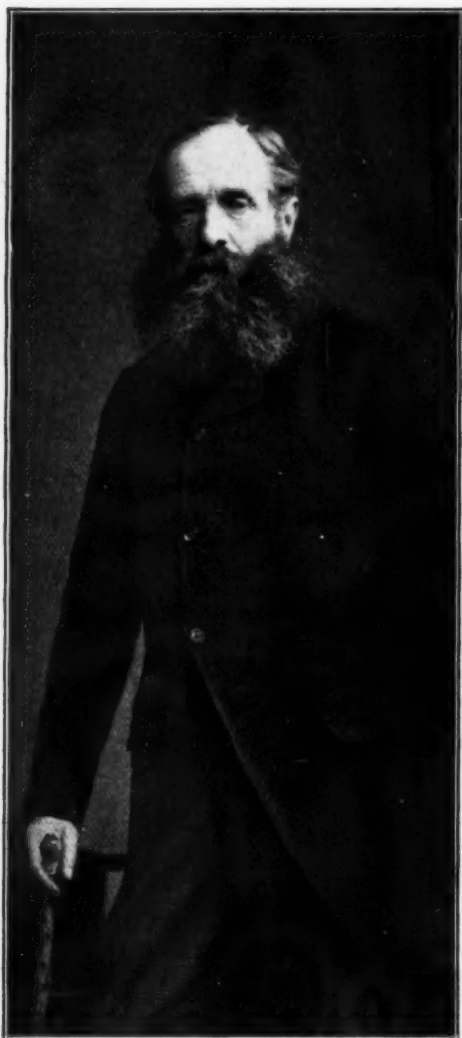


Photo by Elliott and Fry

EARL SPENCER

and historical setting as the Celtic imagination had seen in the case of Eglinton. A simple-hearted Whig patrician, with nothing theatrical in his temper, with a contempt for pose of any kind, and a hatred of melodramatic effect, Lord Carlisle could have no sympathy with the manifestations of the Disraelian "young Englishers," when the nineteenth century was closing its first half. The motive however he thoroughly understood and admired. The "Eton statesmen," as they are

called in *Coningsby*, did something to narrow the gulf between classes, to diminish the distrust of the working classes towards the territorial aristocracy, not only by nominal revivals of the "order of the peasantry," by junketings on village greens, by high jinks and fireworks in noblemen's parks, but by inducing the owners of castles and manors to throw open their grounds to the humblest of holiday-makers. Before Lord Carlisle became Lord Lieutenant for the first time, he had discovered and applied a new social cement to the relations between the "estranged classes" by lectures on public questions of temporary or permanent interest, which he, or others of his order, delivered in the Institutes that were then becoming a part of the educating and humanising machinery of the nation. From the point of view of society, both his official terms were unprecedentedly successful. At the vice-regal court, the most accomplished hostess of her day, Lady Waldegrave, afterwards Lady Carlingford, learned some of the secrets of success in entertaining. No one had a keener perception of social or political promise than Lord Carlisle. Many of both sexes, who have since achieved distinction, made their *début* at Dublin Castle in his day. Amongst these may be mentioned the accomplished lady who, in her day, so profoundly impressed intellects as distinguished and as different as those of Froude, Gladstone, Kinglake, and who has left her influence on existing ideas of Anglo-Russian policy.

Of all those who have followed Lord Carlisle, his kinsman, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Aberdeen are the two who most transparently have been impressed by his influence, and have set themselves most deliberately to fill the place which he left vacant, as well as to carry on their work. The former indeed of these, perhaps not unconsciously or unintentionally, reproduced with striking closeness some of his relative's most amiable and instructive traits, in private as well as in public life. Concerning Lord Carnarvon's relations with C. S. Parnell's proposals for Irish self-government, the truth cannot be known before his widow, a daughter of the house of Howard, publishes, as in a forthcoming biography she may be expected to do, such extracts from family papers as may be needful to place the whole matter in a true light. The seventh Lord Carlisle's conciliatory temper and painstaking efforts for

Irish Viceroy of Two Centuries



Photo by Elliott and Fry

LORD CREWE



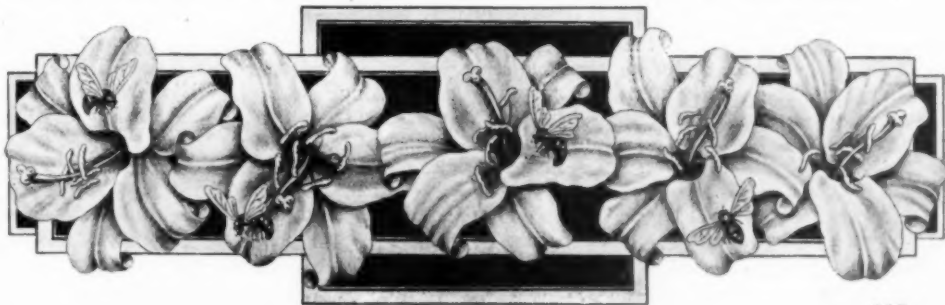
Photo by Lajayette

EARL DUDLEY

the material welfare of the entire community, more recently yet, inspired, in 1886, Lord and Lady Aberdeen with notions which not only at the time produced the happiest results, but which remain to this day operative forces in Irish administration.

Of other Lord Lieutenants, on whichever side, it might be difficult to say much without becoming involved in controversial references. Like Lord Carlisle and Lord Eglinton, Lord Spencer was Viceroy twice, on the second occasion under extremely difficult circumstances. He stamped his official term with a character as distinct and beneficent as had been impressed on the office by those of his forerunners who, in the manner already described, appreciably coloured it with their own personalities. The vice-regal court, since Dublin has been socially absorbed by London, never seemed more brilliant than when Lady

Spencer was the immensely and universally admired vice-queen. Lord Spencer's example of high courage, honour, and chivalrous loyalty to his officials forms to-day his living legacy. It has animated all his successors; it has indeed formed the keynote of Lord Cadogan's, Lord Houghton's and now Lord Dudley's *régime*. At the present moment nothing looks more improbable than the abolition of the Irish Viceroyship, first talked about, as has been seen, half a century ago, in Lord Clarendon's day. More pertinent as well as more useful may it prove, as has been attempted here, to indicate the personal contributions made in the past by men of high character to the work of Irish administration, and thus to suggest the services that the individual representative of the Crown must still have it in his power to render to the unity of the Empire within the four seas.





My Good Old Pal

A True Story of a Dog
or
OWEN KILDARE



NOT long ago, I was invited to write my story, "My Rise from the Slums to Manhood." Although I tried to tell it as briefly and directly as possible, it took many words to do so. Yet, in spite of those many words, I had to omit a number of incidents and events which had an immediate bearing on the course of my life; also, several persons, whose acquaintance influenced me greatly, were not mentioned. But the one whom I most regretted to omit is my good old pal—my Bill.

Perhaps I should not write this, because Bill is only a dog; but, when I closed the doors of my past behind me, he was the only one able to squeeze through them into my better life. He is the only relic of my other days, and a living witness of remembrance.

While I have no desire to detract from the work that my little girl accomplished, I should be grossly unjust were I to deprive Bill of his share in the making of me. I am a man; I feel it. My soul and conscience tell me so, and to all the forces that combined in my transformation I owe a debt of gratitude which deeds only—not words—can repay. If this plain tale of Bill shall demonstrate to you that he was a factor in my regeneration, then I shall have paid part of my debt to him.

Not very long ago the rector of a fashionable New York church came forward with the blunt claim that dogs have more than intelligence—that they have souls. Of course this assertion caused indignation in many circles, and dogs were rated very low, after that, in the list of intellectual values. It is fortunate that I am not sufficiently learned or educated to have an authoritative voice in the matter, for it will save me from criticism when I become too enthusiastic about my good, dumb, soulless brute. Yet I wish and hope that he has a soul.

I had been graduated from the street life of newsboys to the affluent existence of a Bowery celebrity. A few doors above Houston Street, on the Bowery, was a

saloon which was known throughout the land as the "hang-out" of the most notorious toughs and crooks. Still, the place was nightly visited by persons called "ladies and gentlemen"—representatives of the "best" classes of society. I was employed there as a "bouncer," and there was never a night when my contempt for these shams, who lived their daily life under the cloak of righteousness, did not increase.

They came there to enjoy that seemingly harmless pastime known as "slumming"—to have a "good time." A "good time" in the midst of moral and physical filth; a "good time" in the company of jailbirds, fallen men and women; a "good time" of grossest selfishness, for, over and over again, I have seen men there for whose education I would have gladly given years of my life, and who, by one word of encouragement or sympathy, could have rekindled the dying flame of hope, of self-respect, in some fellow-being; but that word was never spoken, because it would have brought discord into the "good time," and would have jangled the croaking melody chanted by that chorus of human scum in praise of their host—the "sight-seer"—of the evening!

A glorious sport this "sight-seeing," these "good times," when the sons and daughters of affluence and position feast with gloating eyes on all that is vile and look on the unfortunates of a great city as if they were some strange beasts—men and women who once, perhaps, were just as good as they are! That each creature in the slums has left behind a niche in the world's usefulness, or a home, to which his daily thoughts stray back, is not considered by the "sight-seer." One does not like unpleasant thoughts when at a circus.

My nightly duty was to suppress all kinds of trouble. The business staff of my employer included several gentlemen, who were renowned for their deftness of touch, and who had had their photographs taken free of charge at a certain sombre-looking

building in Mulberry Street. Their code of ethics—never adopted by the public at large—decreed that they could do no wrong; but, when they did overreach the limits of Bowery etiquette, it became my painful duty to rise in righteous indignation and smite them into seeing their error.

One night, a middle-aged man of respectable appearance—the leader of a party of “sight-seers”—had quarrelled with a loungeur. There was a rumpus at the table, and I was forced to object. I quickly landed the man who had insulted the visitor in the street, whither I was followed by the stylish victim. The occurrence had somewhat sobered him, and he was most effusive in thanking me for having so gallantly assisted him. A lingering sense of shame made him turn homeward, but, before leaving, he insisted that I should call at his home to be properly rewarded for having prevented him from falling further into the contumely of contempt.

Greed was then one of my many besetting sins, and I lost no time in calling at the address given to me. It was a comfortable dwelling in one of New York City's thoroughfares of ease and good living, and I could not help speculating on the moral make-up of a man who could leave an abode of comfort and home-cheer behind, to spend his leisure hours in a “good time” at a Bowery dive. Even though I could not read or write at that time, and was insensible to the world's finer motives, such an act on the part of a man who had all that life could give seemed to be beyond the ken of human intelligence.

My reception was none too cordial. I was treated as a blackmailer, which, alas, I seemed to be. After entreating me not to breathe a word about his nightly adventure, he invited me to his stable, where I was to receive the reward for my virtuous conduct. My hopes fell at this. Stables are the lodging-places of horses only, and I began to wonder if he imagined that I wanted to lead a horse through the streets as a reward for my conduct. I mentioned this to him, but he only laughed and bade me wait. He took me to a stall and there pointed with pride at a litter of pure-bred bull pups who were taking their *siesta* at the breast of their mother.

One by one he lifted them by the scruff of their necks for my inspection. I felt disappointed, and not at all interested. During my years in Park Row I had formed



A LITTLE ROGUE WAS ELEVATED FOR EXAMINATION

a deep-rooted aversion for all dogs. One homeless little cur, looking for a bit of kindness in his miserable existence, once made friendly overtures to me. I was still a brute—bestial, cruel—and sent the poor thing from me with a kick. As soon as he had regained his footing, he watched for his chance and bit me. Therefore, I hated dogs.

I watched the exhibition of pups with disgust. The little fat fellows hung motionless until dropped back into their nest. Just as I was about to propose a compromise, on a cash basis, a little rogue, different from his brothers, was elevated for examination. Instead of hanging quietly like the rest of his family, he twisted and wriggled, while his eyes, one of them becomingly framed in black, shone with play, appeal and good nature. There must have been the shadow of a smile on my lips, for the owner placed the pup in my arms and presented me with it. My first impulse was to drop the pup and kick it into the stall, but the little fellow snuggled into the hollow of my arm and heaved a deep

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sigh of content. He was on my left side, and his warmth must have been infective, for I felt a dim, dull glow creep into my heart.

Without exactly knowing what I was doing, I tucked my new property under my coat and made my way to my room. It is a question whether the pup gained by the exchange of quarters. My room was on the top floor of an old-fashioned tenement. The ceiling was slanting and not able to cope efficiently with the rain. Of the original four panes of glass in the window, only two remained, paper having been substituted for the others. There was a cot, a three-legged chair, and a washstand with a cracked basin, and a pitcher.

I dropped the pup on the cot, and intended to note how he would take to his new surroundings. He failed to notice them. First, he squatted down and looked at me intently. I must have passed inspection, for, not seeing me draw closer, he came to the edge of the bed and gave a little whine. I meant to grab him by the neck and throw him to the floor, but when my hand touched him he felt so soft and warm, and—well, I patted him. Of course, I had no intention of allowing a pup to change the tenor of my life. That night I went to the saloon at the accustomed time and did my "duty" as well as before. However, at odd moments, I would think of the little fellow up in the room.

It had been our custom to spend the major part of the night drinking and carousing after the close of business. But on the morning succeeding the pup's arrival, I thought it best to go to my room at once, as he might have upset things or caused other damage. That is what I tried to make myself believe—a rather difficult feat in view of the pup's enormous bulk and ferocity—not caring to interpret my feelings. I opened the door of my attic room and peeped in. The little fellow was curled up on the blanket and did not wake until I stood beside him. Then he lifted his little nose, recognised me, and went off again into the land of canine dreams.

As I had the dog, I could not let him starve, and on that morning began my journeys to the grocery store for three cents' worth of milk. I became used to him, after a fashion, and, though showering very little affection on the pup, he seemed to be supremely happy in my company. We had been together for some

time before I was sure of our relative positions. Always finding him asleep on my return from the saloon, I was surprised to hear him move about, one morning, as I was inserting the key in the lock. I opened the door, and before me danced the pup in a veritable frenzy of delight at beholding me. This not being a psychological essay, only a plain, true story, I shall not attempt to analyse, but will tell you straight facts in a straight way.

I do not know what made me do it, but I stooped down and lifted the little fellow to my arms. We sat on the bed, and a critical moment in our lives had come. It was a new, a bewildering experience to me, to have a living being so pleased about my appearance, and, feeling moved to learn the reason, I asked—

"Do you like me, pup?"

Bless me if that little thing did not try to bark an emphatic "Yes!" Oh, it was no deep-toned growl or snarl. It was the pup's first effort in the barking line, and it sounded very much like a compound of whine and grunt. But I understood, and we settled down to talk the matter over.

I realised that the pup was entitled to be named, and that matter was first in order.

"See here, pup; you and I are very plain and ordinary people, and it wouldn't do to give you a 'high-toned' name. Now, what do you say to 'Bill'?—just plain 'Bill'?"

The motion was speedily passed, and then Bill and I went on to discuss other questions.

"Bill, you and I aren't overburdened with friends. If you and I were to die at the same moment, not even a cock or a crow would croak a requiem for us. Now, I am going to make you a proposition. You're friendless, and so am I; you're ugly, and so am I; you belong to the most unintelligent class of your kind, and so do I; why not establish a partnership between us?"

Bill had sat watching my lips and looking as wise as a sphinx, until I asked the question. He answered in the affirmative, without a moment's hesitation.

"I am glad you like my proposition, Bill. Now you and I are going to live our own life, without regard for others. We're going to stick to each other, Bill; we're going to be loyal to each other, and, though we do not amount to much in the world, to each

other we must be the best of our class. We're going to be true friends."

I took Bill's paw, and, there and then, we sealed the compact, which has not yet been broken.

Our relationship being founded on this basis, I spent a good deal of my spare time in the room, which, until Bill's arrival, had been nothing but my sleeping-place. Soon the bare walls and the dilapidated condition of the furniture began to grate on me, and, slowly, I improved our *home*. I bought a few pictures from a peddler, purchased two plaster casts from an Italian, and even employed a glazier to put our window in good shape. Bill and I took pride in our home, and thought it the very acme of cosiness. You see, neither one of us had ever known a real home.

But dogs, as well as men, need exercise, and, in the afternoon, attired in our best—Bill with his glittering collar, on which the proceeds of a whole night had been expended—we took our walk along the avenue. He was beautifully ugly, and the usual pleasant witticisms, such as, "Which is the dog?" were often inflicted upon us. But we didn't mind, being a well-established firm of partners, who could afford to overlook the comments of mere outsiders.

In the midst of our prosperity came an unexpected break. A reform wave swept over the city and closed most of the "resorts." The loss of my position left us in a badly-crippled financial condition.

Bill and I had lived in a style befitting two celebrities. Porterhouse steaks, fine chops, and cutlets had been frequent items on our bills of fare. The drop was sudden and emphatic. Stews, fried liver, and hash took the place of the former substantial meals, and our constitutions did not thrive very well. It did not even stop at that, for, ere long, we were regular *habitues* of the free-lunch counters. It often almost broke my heart to see my Bill, well bred and blooded, feed on the scraps thrown to him from a lunch-counter. But there was a dog for you! Instead of turning his nose up at it, or eating it with growl and disgust, Bill would devour the pickled tripe or corned beef with a well-feigned relish. Between the mouthfuls his glance would seek mine and he would say, quite plainly: "Don't worry on my account. I'm getting along very nicely on sour tripe. In fact, it is a favourite dish of mine."



"DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME," BILL SEEMED TO SAY

You poor, soulless Bill, of whom many men, with souls, could learn a lesson in grit and pluck!

During that spell of idleness our hours in the room were less cheerful than before. I must confess that my "blues" were inspired by material cares, and not by any regrets or self-reproaches; but, whatever the cause, they were sitting oppressively on me, and I often found myself in an atmosphere of the most ultra indigo. It did not take Bill very long to understand these moods, and, by right of his partnership, he took a hand in dispelling them.

He would place himself directly in front of me, and stare at me with unflinching gaze. Not noticing any effect of his hypnotic suggestions, he would go further, and place his paw on my knee, with a little pleading whine. Having awakened my attention, he would put himself into proper oratorical pose and loosen the flood-gates of his rhetoric.

"Say, Kil, I gave you credit for more sense and courage. Here you are, sitting with your hands in your lap, and bemoan-

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ing a fate which is largely of your own making. Besides—excuse me for being so brutally frank—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Big and strong, you live in idleness, and now you kick because you are down and out and deprived of your despicable means of livelihood. Owen Kildare, brace up and be a man. You are not friendless. I am here. True, I'm only a dog, a soulless brute, but I'm your Bill, and we're going to stick until we both win out!"

You will not offend me by calling me a silly fool for putting these words into Bill's mouth. Perhaps I err greatly in believing that Bill was not without influence over me, or that I could understand him; perhaps it all was imagination, but if it was—and I don't doubt it—it was good, because, no matter what it may be, whether imagination, inspiration, or aspiration, if it leads up, and not down, it cannot be too highly appreciated.

There were times when Bill's speech was either less convincing or my period of blues more pronounced than usual, and then he would resort to more drastic measures. He undertook to prove by the most vivid object lesson that a buoyancy of spirits is the first essential. Dogs, when gay and playful, run and romp. Bill made believe he was gay, and romped and raced and ran. If you will take note of the fact that the exact measurements of the room were

fifteen by twelve feet, you can easily imagine the difficulties opposing Bill's exercise. Snorting and puffing, he would cavort about the narrow precincts, now running into a bedpost, now bumping against the shaky washstand. But he always accomplished his object, because, before his collapse from his exertions, he never failed to put me into a paroxysm of laughter. No "blues" could ever withstand Bill's method.

Still, he was but a brute—a poor, dumb brute.

The ebb of exchequer and spirits was at the very lowest when the dear saintly magician came to utterly change my life, and, with the conjuring power of her sweet spirit, the change was quickly wrought. Even Bill felt the evidence of the stirring of the better life, and at first was sorely puzzled.

The room became a study; the washstand a student's desk, with a big, ungainly head bent close to a smoking oil-lamp. I pored over my lessons. The pen in cramped fingers would trace those tantalising letters, and the lips would gruffly murmur the spelling. Then arithmetic was included in my curriculum, and often Bill had flung at him the maddening puzzle: "Seven into eighty-four goes how many times—yes, how many times?"

During my studies Bill sat beside me and blinked a hundred questions at me.

"Say, Kil, what are you up to now? Is this some new sort of tomfoolery? Can't I do it too?"

I often answered and explained, but the situation was not fully grasped by him until he met my teacher. And she? The rocks, the hillsides, trees and birds and flowers were



HE WOULD STARE AT ME WITH UNFLINCHING GAZE

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all responsive to that little sprite, and Bill, in just one exchanged glance, saw that the fairy of our destinies had but begun her miracle of love.

We did not quite escape the germ of jealousy. Bill found a new joy in trotting beside my teacher at times when he should have been at my side. This I resented. On the other hand, at times when she and I would sit close together, Bill, with all his mighty prowess, would squirm himself between us. With coming weeks and months we understood our mutual feelings and respected our positions. Would that I could take a peep into Bill's doggish brain and read the memory of those heavenly days!

A man who is born to coarseness and brutality will sometimes lose control of his acquired attainments. There came a day, long forgiven and forgotten by her, but not yet sufficiently atoned for by me, when I permitted the subdued brute within me to assert itself for one brief moment. I saw immediately what I had done, and realised that my rowdiness could not be forgiven.

Then was a lapse in deepest shadows. Regrets, reproaches, self-accusations—what good were they? They could not lead me back to paradise. The room became a place of silent brooding, and not as regularly shared by Bill as formerly. Bill had taken no part in our estrangement. Emotional dog as he was, he never forgot to take care of the inner dog whenever an opportunity presented itself. From the very beginning he had industriously cultivated the acquaintance of my little girl's mother. First, becomingly modest, he had, in the course of time, insisted on being a regular guest at the dinner-table. I meant to break him of this habit, but the mother told me in confidence that Bill had whispered to her, quite plainly: "I think you are the very best cook in the world." Few women can resist such a compliment.

Let me call your attention to a corroborative testimony of Bill's linguistic accomplishment. For two long days I had not seen her—had not heard her voice. She lived just around the corner, and, from the window of my tenement, I could see the walls that sheltered my treasure, that I thought for ever lost. I sat and sat and stared at the cruel bricks that seemed to cry, "Halt!" Small wonder that the lesser things of life had lost their importance to me! Even Bill had, for the nonce, but little space in my thoughts; but he lost no

time in bringing himself most forcibly to my notice.

I was at the window, and the door was slightly ajar. All was quiet, very quiet, until a slow patter on the stairs told of my partner's home-coming. My most casual glance was his share on entering the room. He was very anxious to avail himself of this, and made quickly for the sheltering shadows under the bed. But my careless glance had quickly changed to one of concern on beholding him, and, after much coaxing, he crawled out to face me.

My valiant knight had met his conqueror. The hero of many a battle sat wounded and bandaged before me. His left eye was swathed in linen. He tried to pass over the matter lightly; he wagged his tail, but only once, for that, too, was bandaged. Then he threw himself on my mercy.

It behooved me, as his partner, to investigate the extent of the damage, and I carefully untied the bandage that covered his eye. It was only a trifling scratch, suspiciously like one made by a cat. I also noticed that his badge of honour—his collar—was missing. On the point of throwing aside the bandage, a handkerchief, my eye fell on a well-known monogram in its corner, and—I cannot exactly recall how it happened—but, in the very next minute, my Bill and I were descending the rickety stairs, two steps at a time!

Just as we turned the corner, a belligerent-looking tabby made herself exceedingly conspicuous. Somehow, Bill found the other side of the street preferable. At the door he joined me again, and my queen's ambassador led the way up-stairs.

There I stood before her and stammered uncouth phrases of apology. I mentioned Bill's collar. A dainty hand took it from the mantel and handed it to me; our fingers met and—all the world was singing again the sweet refrain which for days had been silent. The impudence of that dog beggars all description. He had the unblushing nerve to claim all the credit for having brought love's jangle into tune again, and, in his excitement, rapped his damaged caudal appendage three times on the floor before he tried to bite it. Then our happiness began once more.

* * * * *

Her soul had flown to the realms above. Alone with her, I sat for minutes, hours, eternities, it seemed, and every lovely feature became for ever engraved upon my mind and

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heart. My right hand was resting on hers, my left hung motionless by my side. Something rubbed against it. It was Bill, and he, surely, had no right there. For the first and last time, Bill felt the force of my wrath. He returned defiantly and deliberately and spoke his valid claim. I let him stay, and through that bitter night man and dog kept their silent vigil beside the bier of her who had loved both. It is not impossible that I was wrong to so profane the quiet chamber, but I have no fear to face my Maker in regard to it.

The old past crooned the tempter's lay, and for a short period I was very near the brink, from which I should have dropped again into the black abyss. It was Bill, the soulless brute, who shamed me back into the path where she had led.

On the floor below our attic lived a couple and their child, a little boy named Tommy. There was nothing attractive about the boy. He had a pinched, pale face, a lamed body, and a look in his eyes telling of but a short stay. Bill made Tommy a special study. For days and weeks he looked at him from the curb, until, one day, he doubtlessly labelled the boy "O.K." We all know that no dog likes to be kicked, and we also know that, if one has but one solid leg, he is very apt to be aggressive with it. Tommy had only one solid leg. As a result, Tommy, being prevented from joining the other boys at "hide and seek," found his own little pastime in kicking Bill in the ribs. Yet Bill did not seem to mind.

There came a day when Tommy was absent from the doorstep. One of the many bad spells of his sickness kept him in bed, and the larger part of the savings of his family, "against rent-day," went for medicine. Bill, always true and faithful, did not forsake his little friend during this period of distress.

In the midst of these troubles the dreaded day arrived, and the well-known voice of the rent collector could be heard in the hall. Bill seemed to surmise something. His head—by no means a small one—was squeezed between two rails. He did not take his eyes from the approaching danger. At length the enemy began his ascent to Tommy's floor, and Bill's head came with a growl from its tight point of observation. There was no mistaking his attitude. He put on his most businesslike air, and stood ready for defence, but not for assault. Some of the rent collectors of the East

Side are not inconsiderate in their treatment of tenants. Others, however—and this agent was of that class—think little of the awful troubles of the poor. They are so tired of the many tales of misfortune that an echo of sympathy never answers in their hearts.

Bill had never debarred anybody from entering or leaving the tenement before, an inquiring sniff being his only greeting. Why then did he stop this man? Behind that closed door they sat in fear, expecting the threatening visit that would turn them into the street. Perhaps it is best not to argue this. You are at liberty to call it coincidence, or imagination on my part. I—and those who know Bill—call it intelligence and loyalty.

Were Bill a dog of fiction, his story would end in a blaze of glory; but he is very much of a reality and still my good old pal.

The roaring bustle of lower Broadway turns into deadly stillness with the fall of evening. For miles, excepting a watchman or a policeman, you will scarcely see a living being. That is where Bill and I enjoy our pleasant pastime. After the day's work is ended we travel through the quiet streets until we reach our stoop in the yawning, dark cañon of the skyscrapers. We do not talk much; there is better intercourse.

From where we sit, we gaze up at the skies and greet the merry twinkle of our glistening friends. Then, through the dancing myriads of celestial bodies, our vision winds its way on through the mazes, and does not stop until it sees the most beloved spirit in all the glory of the heavenly home. Every star reflects her face in brilliants, and from behind the hazy veillings of the cloud-smile, her eyes shine radiantly. Bill and I go home, not lonely, not sad or soured, for we have spent the hours in the ante-room of heaven, and have learned another lesson in the quiet night.

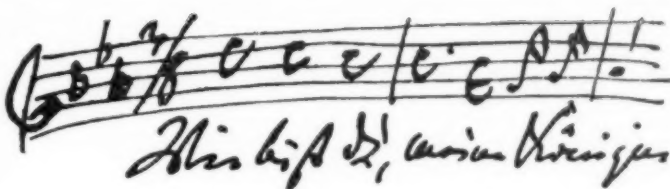
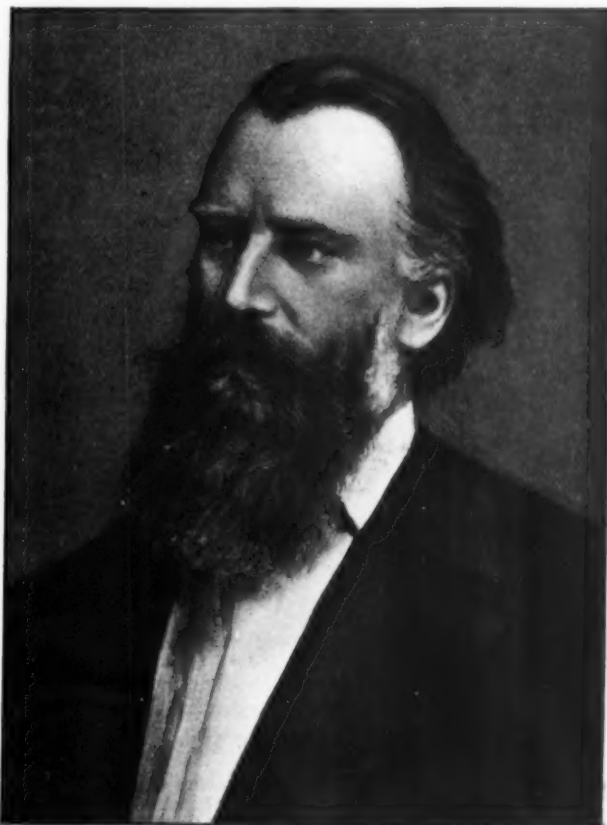
Ah! the firmament and the stars are for all of us; their glories shine for all mankind. You, gentle reader, may learn to know them—to own them—but, alas, you cannot own my Bill. Perhaps you would not care for him. He never was handsome, and now he is getting old, and might not be to you a pleasant companion. But he has travelled with me along life's highway; he has never told a lie; he has been loyal and true, and there's not, in all this world, another dog like my good old pal.

A Few Memories of Johannes Brahms¹

BY SIR CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

IT is a curious fact that the lives of the majority of the greatest composers have proved to be very unfruitful ground for their biographers. Inasmuch as they consisted mainly of writing music, eating, sleeping, and exercise (of sorts usually the reverse of sporting), the record is meagre except in the case of those who had to do with the dramatic side of their art. Of Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, there is little to tell; and so it is with the last of their great line, Johannes Brahms. An article by Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason upon this last of the giants, which contained many interesting personal touches, besides some vastly acute criticism, has encouraged me to put down a few memories, dating mainly from his middle and later period, which may some day be useful when a future Spitta or Thayer arises to write his Life from the point of view of a future generation. But there is nothing striking about them; they are at best feeble side-lights upon a nature which was more than commonly *intime*, and which, moreover, was veiled by a considerable amount of purposeful paradox.

The first time I ever heard the name of Brahms was about 1867; as I lived until 1870 in Ireland, out of the reach of practical orchestral and chamber music by seven hours' rail and four hours' sea, the lateness of the date is not remarkable.



John. P. Adams.

¹ This article originally appeared in the *New York Outlook*, July 25, 1903.

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But I shall never forget the amazing effect which was produced upon me by hearing the variations on a theme of Handel, or how much of my small pocket-money I spent in buying as many of his works as I could get. I knew nothing of the Schumann article, nor anything about him save his music, and the grip it took of me at fifteen has never relaxed since. Nothing that was not inherently sincere could possibly remain so lifelong a possession of any musician. My first sight of the composer himself was at the remarkable Schumann Festival given at Bonn under the direction of Joachim in 1873, where he sat, tawny-haired and clean-shaven, beside his "second mother," Clara Schumann. My first speech with him was at a dinner-party given on the day following the close of that Festival by Ferdinand Hiller at Cologne; but it was short and uninteresting; he was somewhat bored and unapproachable, and not (to tell the truth) in the best of tempers. I had, however, the opportunity of studying his face, which I never again saw without the now familiar beard. The clean-cut, refined beauty of his boyish features had vanished, the jowl was thick and powerful, and the mouth rather large and coarse. But his eyes, which were of an astonishingly deep and luminous violet, were fascinating, and the brow and head most noble in proportion. Without the least personal resemblance, his face had a quality in common with Wagner and Liszt in that the upper half was very ideal and the lower very human.¹

Like many great men, he had a suit of armour which he put on to meet the stranger. Tennyson's armour was brusqueness, Leighton's was excessive polish, Brahms' could be downright rudeness. But all three, as soon as their armour was put by, were alike in one respect—they were simple to the point of boyishness. Brahms most of all hated the lioniser, and was for ever on the look-out for him. Returning one day from a walk at Heidel-

berg, he was met by a man who stopped him and asked if he were not Brahms; on receiving an affirmative reply, the stranger expanded into eulogies of his compositions. Brahms put on a puzzled look, then suddenly said, "Oh, you must mean my brother; he was taking a walk with me on the hill just now," indicating where the mythical relation had gone, and the unwelcome celebrity-hunter rushed on up the hill.

In 1877 Cambridge University offered him (together with Joachim) an honorary degree. Mr. Mason, in his book *From Grieg to Brahms*, p. 178, has a remark about this which is erroneous, and is really a confusion between two wholly distinct events. He says that "when the University of Cambridge offered him a degree, suggesting that he write a new work for the occasion, he replied that if any of his old works seemed good enough to them he should be happy to receive the honour, but that he was too busy to write one." The actual facts are these: Brahms hesitated long about visiting Cambridge, and, being much pressed to do so both by Joachim and Frau Schumann, was almost on the point of accepting, when unfortunately the authorities of the Crystal Palace got wind of the possible visit, and announced in *The Times* that he would be invited to conduct at one of their Saturday concerts. This piece of over-zeal wrecked the visit. The University did not ask him to write a new work for the occasion, but although he would not come and could not be given a degree *in absentia*, he entrusted the manuscript score and parts of his first Symphony in C Minor (which had then only once been played in Carlsruhe) to Joachim, and it was performed together with the Schicksalslied at the concert of the University Musical Society, at which his presence was so desired. The incident to which Mr. Mason refers was probably an invitation in 1887 to write a work for the Leeds Festival—an institution which had hitherto wholly neglected his compositions, and which was conducted by Sullivan, who made no secret of his lack of sympathy for them. To this he replied: "I cannot well decide to promise you a new work for your Festival. Should you consider one or other of my existing works worthy the honour of a performance, it would give me great pleasure. But if this, as it appears, is not the case, how

¹ It is quite erroneous to imagine that Brahms was of Jewish descent. A glance at his purely Teutonic features and at his springing walk was enough to show that he had no Semitic blood. His friend Dietrich, of Oldenburg, told me that Brahms was an old Silesian word signifying "Reed." Max Bruch once roused the lion in him at a supper by saying, "Prosit, Abrahams!" and got in reply the crushingly unexpected retort, "Prosit, Baruch!"

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could I hope to succeed this time? If, however, the charm of novelty is a *sine quâ non*, forgive me if I admit that I neither rightly understand nor greatly sympathise with such a distinction." A very pretty *riposte*, and a thoroughly dignified specimen of epistolary satire.

The Cambridge performance of the C Minor Symphony attracted almost every musician of importance in England, and much interest was excited among Cambridge men by the curious coincidence that the Horn theme in the introduction to the last movement was nearly, note for note, a quotation of the famous hour-chimes of St. Mary's (the University Church) bells. Brahms' music had long been more deeply appreciated and universally accepted in England than in Germany, probably in a measure from the fact that we had no serious battle-ground of Wagnerian and anti-Wagnerian parties; the performance of this symphony laid an imperishable keystone to his fame among Britons. I had myself the curious good fortune to compare the attitude of an English and German audience towards one of his orchestral works. In 1875 I heard within a few weeks two performances of his Serenade in A (without violins), first at the Philharmonic Society of London, and afterwards at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. In London the enthusiasm was so great that two movements (the scherzo and the minuet) had to be repeated. In Leipzig the entire work went literally without one hand being raised to applaud.

A short time after the Cambridge performance I had made my first collection of Irish Folk-songs, and, knowing the interest which Brahms took in such work, I asked and obtained his leave to dedicate it to him. The next time I visited Vienna I went with Hans Richter to see him. He opened the door of his little flat himself, clad in a jersey and trousers, and led us through a bare outer room, and his bedroom, scarcely less bare save for a drawing of "Anselmo's Grab" over his very short and stumpy bed, into his study, a double room crammed with books, music, and literature of all sorts. He greeted Richter warmly, and when I was introduced gave me a most distant and suspicious bow. I bethought me of the stranger at Heidelberg, and looked out for squalls. I was quite sure he was aware of who I was, but was going to measure my capacity for

lion-hunting. His chance came; he offered Richter a cigar and was then handing the box to me, when he snatched it back with a curt "You are English, you don't smoke!" To which I replied, with an impertinence which it required some courage to assume, "I beg pardon, the English not only smoke, but they even compose music sometimes," making a simultaneous dash after the retreating cigar-box. For one moment he looked at me like a dangerous mastiff, and then burst out laughing. The ice was broken, and never froze again. I caught sight of some fine engravings, and he spent the best part of the morning showing me his complete collection of Piranesi, and other treasures which he had picked up in Italy during the previous summer. He only mentioned music once, describing most humorously an opera which he had heard at Brescia, which consisted, he said, entirely of "Schluss-Cadenzen," but was so beautifully sung that he rejoiced in listening to them over and over again.

When I next visited Vienna I went to see him without an appointment, thinking that I should surely find him at home at eleven o'clock. But his housekeeper told me that he had just gone to dinner. I was so astonished that I said to her, "In Heaven's name, what time does Brahms eat his breakfast?" "At five," said the dame; "he does all his work before eleven, and is out the rest of the day." However, I fell in with him later, and sat with him through a rehearsal of Glück's "Alceste" at the Opera-House, over which he waxed enthusiastic. His two favourite haunts in Vienna were Strauss's Band and the Opera. While there I heard of a tremendous verbal castigation which he had given at a restaurant to a young man who thought he would gain his favour by sneering at Wagner.

I made two attempts to induce him to visit England after this. First in 1889, when his "Requiem" was given at the Leeds Festival, I wrote and told him that if he would come to Cambridge *via* Harwich, I would go to Leeds and back with him, and conceal his identity from every one; but he was not to be stirred. Last in 1893, when the Cambridge University Musical Society was about to celebrate its fiftieth birthday. We wrote once more, and offered him, with Verdi, an honorary degree. He was this time sorely tempted

A Few Memories of Johannes Brahms

and much touched by the request, but he turned it off by saying how old he would seem beside the everlasting youth of Verdi, and how much nicer it would be if I would go and take walks with him at Cadenabbia instead. Our next and last meeting was in Berlin, the Christmas of the famous Jameson Raid. He came to conduct his two Piano Concertos and the Academic Festival Overture at a concert given by D'Albert, and was much fêted and in high good-humour. At an interesting dinner-party given by Joachim, at which were present also his friends Professor Dorn of Naples, and Von Herzogenberg the composer, an amusingly characteristic scene occurred. Joachim, in a few well-chosen words, was asking us not to lose the opportunity of drinking the health of the greatest composer, when, before he could say the name, Brahms bounded to his feet, glass in hand, and called out, "Quite right! Here's Mozart's health!" and walked round, clinking glasses with us all. His old hatred of personal eulogy was never more prettily expressed. Within a year and a half he was dead, and in this same house Joachim was showing me the first letter which Schumann had written to him after their first meeting at Düsseldorf, with the famous sentence, "Das ist der der kommen musste," and the autograph score of the first Piano Concerto, which contains that most impressive key to the meaning of the Adagio—the words of the "Benedictus qui venit" written over the notes of the theme.

A most remarkable and extraordinary personality was Brahms. Humorous, fearless, far-seeing, sometimes over-rough to his contemporaries, but a worshipper of and worshipped by young children; with a very noble, generous, and ideal side to his character, and a curiously warped and sensual side as well. He could look like Jupiter Olympus at one moment and like Falstaff the next, but the Jupiter never seemed to suffer in the end; and assuredly, if a man's work be any key to his real soul, the last chorale which he wrote, the touching "O Welt, ich muss dich

lassen," is a standing proof of the type of qualities which were dominant in him. For kings and princes he had no concern except as fellow-men. In that respect he resembled Beethoven. He could afford to be intimate with them because he was independent of them. For the Meiningen Festival he stayed at the castle and was in the habit of taking his constitutional at six o'clock in the morning. The Grand Duke knocked at his door at eight, and asked him if he had had a pleasant walk. "Yes, sir," said Brahms; "I have taken a stroll round the three neighbouring kingdoms." While he was on the same visit he electrified a state dinner by an outburst upon the attitude of Europe towards Japan. The war between China and Japan had just been declared, and every one was discussing the certain downfall of the smaller power. Brahms prophesied the reverse, and went on to say that after Japan had beaten China, Europe would step in, in its selfish way, and prevent her reaping the fruits of her victory. The Grand Duke reminded him that Europe had interests to safeguard, to which Brahms rapped out a sharp retort. All ended peacefully, but the little incident served to prove how much more far-sighted a politician he was than many of his professionally diplomatic contemporaries.

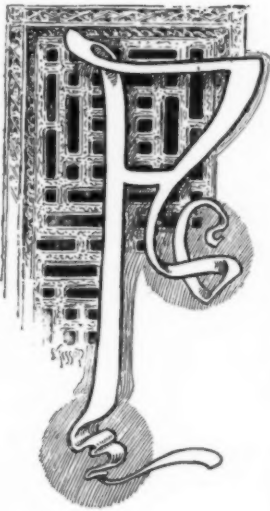
Of his later friendships perhaps the most curiously assorted was that with Hans von Bülow. He had sufficient insight to appreciate (what few did) the very great nobility of the character of that most versatile and peppery of men. To any who spoke complainingly of him, Brahms always answered with a request to remember his great and unique qualities; and certainly von Bülow repaid him with a devotion which never varied. And if he was sometimes brusque to his contemporaries, he could show in an eminent degree a modest deference to his seniors. The last vision I had of him was sitting beside the diminutive form of the aged Menzel, drinking in like a keen school-boy every word the great old artist said, with an attitude as full of unaffected reverence as of unconscious dignity.



Gaspar the Disciple

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY NORMAN GALE



FIVE years before the date of this story, at a time when the almond trees in the valley so beautifully accomplished the miracle of making boughs into blossom, it fell to the lot of Gaspar the Disciple (thus was he named by the many who loved him) to lead home from the little church in the

village a bride who in heart and spirit was as excellent as in regard to human loveliness she was remarkable. It cannot be said that Gaspar, great as was the number of his joys, ever reached to supreme happiness while watching the star and stay of his desolate holding move about the farmhouse, cleaning, contriving, singing, for as a bird often flies suddenly from its home in the hedge, so there kept flying from his brain to his heart the feeling that Eva was not long to be allowed a shelter upon the earth. She was too close to the divine, he thought. He began to look upon the living-room with a reverence akin to that aroused in him when kneeling at the altar; there was a sense of hush about the place; and he could not help wincing if by some misfortune he made a noise there. No tremendous wind upon the side of the mountain was powerful enough to drive this idea out of his mind. As he tended his sheep, it would all of a sudden alarm his spirit, and far too frequently it was for him a black companion as he made his homeward journey from the upland fold.

For three years the rose carried this thorn. Then the thorn became incredibly larger than the rose, and Eva, being beckoned to from heaven, laid herself down

on her deathbed. Gaspar, because he had been slowly prepared for the agony of passing from paradise to the wilderness, was so brave that the dwellers in the district wondered not a little to find him as willing as ever to wave a greeting, to exchange a smile or a story, and to busy himself with the affairs of his scattered neighbours, especially those who were struggling against sorrow and narrow means. They were not always with him to count the number of times that he lifted his face to the stars, breathing a word of love to the vanished wife. They did not see him evening after evening draw close to his side the vacant chair, or watch the eagerness of his looks as he stared among the flaming logs, to be pleased by the tricks of his imagination. Feeling that, whatever the degrees of self-denial and tenderness used by him for the sake of his fellow-creatures, it would never be possible for him adequately to give the proper thanks to God in return for the lending of Eva, the widowed man was tireless in his efforts to walk in sunshine from house to house, diffusing sunshine, and paying for Eva without stint. Not long after the death of his wife he lost fifty sheep that were overwhelmed in a snowstorm of exceeding severity. As there had been warning of the downfall, Gaspar could have saved the animals if he had been willing to refuse an appeal from a poor neighbour, to whom the destruction of his little flock would have meant a disaster not easily to be repaired. In the rough tones of the appeal Gaspar heard in fancy the voices of a mother and her children. These he could not resist.

The valley did not prosper. There was a succession of lean years, in the course of which Gaspar's savings were put into active use for the sake of the hungry and perplexed folk in the district, so that in time he, too, began to feel the pinch of poverty. One Christmas Eve a supreme test was applied to him. Once more he was called upon to help in the rescue of a neighbour's sheep, at a time when the few remaining to him were in danger of perishing under the drifting snow. With the knowledge that

Gaspar the Disciple

by so doing he was stripping himself of the means to live, Gaspar trudged into the heart of the tempest, worked with the force, as it seemed to his astonished companion, of twenty men, and at last brought the sheep into a place of safety. He stumbled home a beggared man. Far away in Bethlehem the halo round the head of the Babe Jesus was illuminating the manger. Christmas had dawned, and the first bell of a miracle was about to be heard in despite of the storm that was matching its strength against the stubbornness of the mountain. The beginning of the wonder struck upon Gaspar's hearing at the moment when he was forcing his way along the path that led from the barn to the house, and for a few moments he halted in perplexity, half inclined to believe he was mistaken, and yet somewhat unwilling to think fancy responsible for the sound that had caused him to stand still and listen.

Suddenly the tempest ceased from its passion, the sky grew clear, the stars showed lovely in the Milky Way, and somewhere along the road that steeply plunged into the valley from the upland fold belonging to Gaspar there was to be heard the music of an oncoming sheep-bell. From where he stood Gaspar commanded a view of the track as far as the point at which it turned abruptly so as to skirt a great mass of rock, and because of the astonishing brightness of the stars he could tell that nothing was moving along the fifty yards that lay between him and the bend of the road. Steady was the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the bell. What could it mean? Sheep could not be travelling in such a depth of snow, and yet the bearer of the bell was certainly coming nearer and nearer to the farm, as the growing intensity of the sound was there to witness. Gaspar fixed his eyes on the point which he knew to be the sharp angle of the track, wondering at the strange happening, and aware that his heart pained him a little by beating even faster than it did on the golden day when first he beheld Eva stooping at the fountain in the distant village of Hartzig. To his amazement he perceived a faint glow upon the rocky heap at the corner. It slowly lightened, till at last it seemed as if the granite had changed into an irregular mass of moonlight. Gaspar took off his bearskin cap, feeling stir in his breast the energy of adoration. Clearer sounded the voice of the bell; brighter shone the rock. Then the

watcher's heart gave a great leap, for he plainly saw the snow at the bend pressed to either side of the road, as if a miraculous plough were being driven down into the valley.

The next moment a cry of wonder broke from his lips. A flock of sheep passed round the corner. There was no snow upon their backs, but a flood of radiance coming he knew not whence. Three abreast the sheep came towards him, following the bell of the leader. Was there a shepherd? Gaspar's knees trembled as he asked himself this question. It was soon answered, for suddenly he was almost blinded by the glory of an angel who, bearing in his hand a crook that seemed to be made of gold, was walking behind the last of the sheep. Steadily the flock came towards the place where Gaspar was standing, the snow moving from their path, as long ago the waters of Jordan moved aside to make a passage for the Israelites. Gaspar fell upon his knees, and shaded his eyes from the beams of the angel; he felt the fleeces rub against him; he heard the breathings of the flock; he saw marks by which he knew that for his sake a miracle had been performed, and he knew neither how to speak his gratefulness nor how to lift his face to that of the heavenly shepherd by whose ministry he had recovered his sheep. The thought came to him, that from her inconceivable height Eva had noted his distress and had pleaded for the performance of this marvel, for he was far too humble to remember how greatly he deserved to have fall upon him from the Seat of Judgment the active goodwill of the Father whom he had worshipped, not alone by kneeling and praying and cleanliness of soul, but also by the better way of searching for chances to pour oil and wine into the wounds of those whom it would have been easy to neglect. After looking down with gentle eyes at the man whose flock he had guided through the snowdrifts, the Angel touched him on the shoulder with his precious crook.

"Rise, Gaspar, and behold thy sheep."

But even then humbleness kept the Disciple upon his knees, so that the Angel bent down to raise him to his feet. As their eyes met, the Angel smiled, and from that instant all fear went out of Gaspar's breast, leaving only reverence as deep as the deepest well of space in the universe. He straightened himself, and at once felt undazzled by the brightness of the visitor.



"RISE, GASPAR, AND BEHOLD THY SHEEP"

Gaspar the Disciple

Around them the weary sheep had lain down to rest.

"Because thou, Gaspar, didst not hesitate to lose all in helping thy brother," said the Angel, pointing to the sheep and the farmhouse as he spoke; "and because not this night alone, but on many nights, thou hast been merciful in the noble fashion that is honoured in heaven, sparing nothing that cried out to be spared, neither thy body nor thy blood, it has pleased thy King and mine to send me to thee at this hour, charging me take thy sheep from death and deliver them, not one being lost, to thee, as a sign that He has not been unwatchful of His servant's service. Behold thy flock, no member of which has been left in the wilds, and accept it as a gift from Heaven in remembrance of Christlike goodness bestowed on thy fellows by thee."

"I am not worthy so to be visited and blessed," answered Gaspar. "Wilt thou, Lord, tarry awhile in the house with me?"

"That thou dost indeed deserve even more than at present hath been granted to thee there is a sign to come," the Angel said; "and it is a part of my duty to tell thee of this second grace. Unto thee there has been given the power over a single wish for a brief space of time. For how long thou shalt command thy happiness not even I am able to declare. One thing more. The wish must be used for thy own sake. No other living creature can benefit by it in any way whatever. My message is delivered unto thee, Gaspar the Good. Farewell."

It was broad daylight when Gaspar awoke. Hurrying from his bed, he went to the window and tried to open it for the purpose of seeing what kind of a Christmas Day had come to the valley, but so severe had been the cold of the night that he could not raise the sash. In consequence of this, he was driven to scratch with his nails and breathe upon the icy fringe of gems that had grown in such wonderful profusion all over the ten panes of the window, till at last he was able to command a peephole; through which he could see hard blue skies and an enormous sheet of sunshine spread upon the flank of the mountain. The thought of Christmases spent with Eva at his side flooded his heart, and he spake aloud the wish for her to come again to the homestead, if only for a few hours, that once more the house should become a temple garnished with the ornaments of joy, as it had been in the sweet days of his life's

success. Scarcely had the wish been uttered, when Gaspar staggered across the floor and stumbled on to the bed.

"Gaspar!"

There was no reply.

"Come, Gaspar! Breakfast is ready."

"So God has lent her to me!" Gaspar whispered. Then he cried in a voice that to him sounded as if it were tearing a way through raw emotions—

"Coming, dear heart! Merry be thy Christmas!"

"Merry and mellow be thine!"

Feeling the walls with his hands, as if he were grown blind, and uncertainly footing the familiar stairs, Gaspar, the wifeless and babeless, went to meet her who was to him both wife and child, and trembled as he went. He reached the door of the living-room. With her back towards him, Eva stood in front of the dresser, arranging a line of blue plates, and singing a lullaby that in the happy days she delighted to sing when her lap was full of coloured worsteds. She turned round and smiled at her husband. Gaspar had the feeling that the whole mountain had fallen upon his heart, but in the gloom of the passage the effect of the blow was not visible to Eva, who ran up to him, flung her arms about his neck, and pulled the bearded face down to her kiss. There was just as much starriness in her face as there had been during the series of honeymoons spent by them together, but not the least sign of greater gleaming. There was all the human magic of the girl, without the addition of any quality of a sort to baffle the man whose eyes so thirstily drank cup after cup of beauty. Gaspar was quick to perceive that in her all recollection of death on earth and life in heaven had perished. She had come back in a bridal humour, no more troubled than if she had moved from the sleep of a night into the household activity of the next morning, and once, when Gaspar, owing to forgetfulness, happened to say how dull it was for him to live at the farm without her to bless the home, she looked at him with eyes made large by wonder, and told him that he was as yet hardly awake. She pretended to rub sleep's cobwebs from his face while sitting on his knee, and chattered to him not less volubly than a brook chatters to the cress and forget-me-nots, till with a sweet little cry of alarm she jumped up, declaring that unless she got at once to work there would be no Christmas dinner

Gaspar the Disciple



GASPAR HAD THE FEELING THAT THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN
HAD FALLEN UPON HIS HEART

for either of them to eat. Because he knew the secret of her second coming, Gaspar deemed it almost a sacrament to speak to her, and touch her, and jest with her as if she were a being of flesh and blood, instead of a saint transported for a moment into the clay of humanity. How long would she stop with him? He wondered whether she must flit at evenfall, or earlier, or later; and

when he left the house to look after the sheep he acted with a desire to be back in the room now illuminated by Eva's presence, grieving at lost minutes, and anxious to assure himself that during his absence she had not been called away—this time for ever. All was well on his return, so he settled down in his big chair to enjoy a pipe, and the music made by Eva's lips and feet

Gaspar the Disciple

and frock, till she was able to bring him the Bible, as of old she had been wont to do on the snowiest of their Sabbaths, and sit down to listen to one of their favourite chapters. By this time Gaspar had determined to take everything as a matter of course, since not to do so was to be perplexed without limit, whether he considered the mystery of the pudding boiling in the largest of the saucepans, or the sprigs of holly that made a frame for his mother's likeness hanging over the mantelpiece, or the trails of ivy running along the dresser and the ancient bookcase, or the bunch of mistletoe (the Druids' darling growth) tied to a hook fixed in the oak-beam, to avoid which Gaspar always had to bow his head, and upon which there was nailed an image showing Christ in the act of redeeming the world. When the chapter had been read, the comments made, the lessons accepted by the reader's and the listener's souls, Eva and Gaspar knelt upon the floor to pray together, because it was impossible for them to be of the congregation assembled in the little church lower down the valley, where an irregular ring of houses seemed bent on keeping the temple warm and safe from the violent buffets of the wind. So throughout the morning hours Gaspar, not unawares, entertained an angel.

Beautiful for Gaspar were the hours that stood between dinner and tea, for as soon as his wife had washed the soiled plates, dishes, knives, forks, and spoons, and had changed her dress, she sat on a hassock in front of the fire, resting a head that was almost too exquisite against his knee, living their courtship over again, and speaking with affection of those dear to them.

"Tell me, Gaspar, just how I looked on the afternoon when you first saw me by the fountain. I suppose my hair was tumbled and my apron wet."

"I came upon you sideways, Little Joy," said Gaspar, stroking the cheek that was softer than a robin's breast. "You were bending to the pail, whether to see your face in the water or to count the bubbles I cannot tell you."

"It was to count the bubbles."

"Perhaps. The sunshine kissed all your body. With my hand on the trunk of the silver birch I stood to watch the unknown maid, wishing that she would grow tired of the—the—"

"Bubbles," said Eva.

"Bubbles, and by looking round give

me a chance to see her face to the best advantage."

"And did she oblige you quickly?"

"Not quickly. Though the water flowed over the rim of the pail, she still remained in the same position, till at last I walked a few steps nearer in the hope that she would hear me approaching; but even then she did not move in the least, so that I felt sick at heart for fear she was a stray from fairyland."

"And was she?"

"Not quite, and yet almost, I think. I have never been able to accept her as in all particulars a human being. She must have been born in the house that stands halfway between earth and heaven."

"Even now do you feel this, Gaspar?"

"Even now, even now."

"Watch me, want me, love me in memory," she said.

"Just when I began to think I should have to touch her before she would come out of her dream, the maid slowly turned to me more than I was ready to behold. Have you any idea how lovely you were at that moment, Eva?"

"It was all for you. I am glad to hear once again that the watcher suffered no disappointment when at last he had his will. How far he carried the heavy pail!"

"I would have carried both you and it over the mountain, and yet felt no weariness!" cried Gaspar, bending in adoration over the head that was using his knee for a pillow. "Thanks be to God, in a bright and hallowed season I brought you to this house, which was never a home till you came to work in it a miracle, nay, hundreds of miracles!"

"Every Christmas you must tell me this story over again, Gaspar; at least, till you are tired of remembering what you saw and did at the fountain five years ago. Promise me."

"If it be possible, Little Joy, I will sit here every Christmas afternoon as long as I live and tell to you the sweetest story in the world. You must try to listen."

"Try to listen? Unless I am deaf, I shall hear you while I live. Even in the grave I believe I should hear."

"Would you hear in heaven?"

"Surely. You know, Gaspar, I have finished that long piece of crochet about which you have teased me so much, saying it would go three times round the barn. It is for mother. When will you take me to

Gaspar the Disciple

Hartzig? Can we go next Wednesday, if the road is passable?"

"Perchance, child; Wednesday's use must keep till Wednesday comes. If all goes well, yes. If all goes well."

By the time the kettle was swung over the pile of logs, the room in which the husband and wife were making melody the one for the other had grown dark, for the wood on the fire glowed without flaming. Near the door leading into the scullery it was very gloomy. As Eva, who was busy-ing herself about the tea, passed through this door into the darkness beyond, moving away in a straight line from her husband's chair, Gaspar thought he could see a faint glow that changed its position rather rapidly, that twice disappeared, that was no longer visible when Eva had returned to the hearth. He looked from her to the black entrance, and perceiving no further sign, easily persuaded himself that he had been mistaken, or that his eyes had been dazzled by the bright heart of the fire. Though on several occasions during tea he glanced in the direction in which he imagined the glow to have been, he did not again see anything to disturb him, and it was not till Eva once more passed from the big to the small room that he found cause to be shaken at the heart. The glow appeared again, this time with an added intensity; he proved it to be controlled by Eva's movements; and yet when she stood by his side on the hearth he was utterly unable to see about her head the brightness translated by him as a proof that Eva was beginning to pass from womanhood to angelhood. The time for her departure was drawing near. Quickly the room became very dark, and now Gaspar distinctly watched glory shining faintly among the masses of Eva's most wonderful hair. She sat down in the chair that her husband had drawn near his own, and leaned back in it with an expression of extreme fatigue. Gaspar did not dare to touch her, so manifestly had a part of her been invaded by the mystery of heaven.

"Are you very tired, Eva?"

"I have not felt so tired in all my life."

"Go to sleep. I will keep watch."

"Let me walk once or twice round the room," she said, rising from the chair; "then perhaps the feeling of sleepiness will go off, and we shall be able to sing our favourite hymns together."

She made an attempt to rise, remained for a few moments half standing, half

sitting, and then with a deep sigh fell back into the chair.

"Everything seems to go round and round and round," she murmured sleepily. "Do you think I am going to be ill, Gaspar? It is strange for me to give way like this, just when the loveliest part of the day is drawing near. How sweet it is to be safe with you, my strong and loyal husband!"

"You are going to be well; very, very well. Fall to sleep, Little Joy. Bless you for a perfect Christmas! When I think of the heaven you have brought to me I know not by what means I can best show you how greatly I treasure your goodness. Sleep, you are safe from the wolves. Sleep, you are safe from the storm. Sleep, you are safe from all that could possibly hurt you. Fall asleep."

Even as he spoke, using tones fit for a lullaby, she glided from drowsiness into slumber. Moving very gently, Gaspar made his way to the window and looked out to see whether the night was calm. The expectant stars were watching the house in multitudes.

"She will have a fair passage," he whispered to himself. "How I thank God for lending her to me! Shameful would it be were I to pay Him back by weeping and moaning, because it seems good to Him to take her once more where I shall hope to find her when my journey is accomplished. Ah! the brightness grows! This room is partly heaven, and shall be sacred for evermore."

He sat down in his chair, and watched the radiance deepen round Eva, till at last his eyes began to ache. He closed them for a short time, and fell to thinking of the way in which he would devote the rest of his life to hallowing works among the folk scattered on the lower slopes and in the glens of the mountains, among whom as yet he had not laboured, it seemed to him, with all the force that had been put at his disposal. The Crusade of the Cross should be strengthened by the story of Eva's return and the description of the manner in which the celestial shepherd had driven home for him the sheep that otherwise must have perished in the fury of snow. He opened his eyes. Eva still slept, robed in radiance. Once more his eyelids shut out the marvellous sight. Once more in fancy he shaped for himself his career as a spiritual solace and refuge, under the tuition

Gaspar the Disciple



EVA STILL SLEPT, ROBED IN RADIANCE

of his Master; and while he was thus engaged sleep took him at a disadvantage, so that when Eva melted from the valley to the fields of Paradise, he was held in chains more powerful than bonds cut out of iron, and being by them kept a prisoner he suffered not a single stab of the agony that might have broken his heart had he been forced to watch the second departure of his wife.

At what moment he ceased to slumber it is not possible to tell. Towards midnight the armies of the tempest burst into the valley and besieged the house in which Gaspar slept so soundly. Nothing rattled loud enough to wake him. The timbers groaned, the door tugged at its hinges, the windows seemed every minute to be on the point of being hurled across the room; and yet, there in a fireless chamber, with a thousand icy spirits flitting about his chair, Gaspar the Disciple slept, wearing upon his face a smile that looked as if it were the soul of happiness. Next morning, when the

valley was celebrating by means of a cloudless sky the passing of the storm, the sun laughed its way into the room, only to find upon the sleeper's face a brightness brighter than its own. Even when, six hours later, the door was broken down by a band of men who had trudged up to the head of the valley, with good cheer in their hearts, for the purpose of finding how their neighbour had fared through Christmas, Gaspar did not heed the noise of the rending oak, or the uncouth cries of alarm, or the hands that sought to shake him into life. Try how they would, it was not possible for the villagers to tear the husband away from the wife. It was plain to see that he had spent a happy Christmas, else there could not have caressed his face a smile that surely must have resulted from a joy too deep to be endured by mortal man, but which must, in some way only dimly to be apprehended by those who saw it, have had its origin in the favour of God.

The Critic on the Hearth

BY JOHN A. STEUART



WHEN the Colonel had delivered his fiery philippic in the matter of *Modesty versus George Borrow*, the young man whom we call Solomon remarked with a significant twinkle, "It seems to me, Colonel, we have done very fairly this evening." And as in answer to the Colonel's look of inquiry he explained, "We have found two subjects of more than common interest—first, the unsuspected influence of light literature; second, the unsuspected value of self-conceit. The one, as some of us have just learned, for the thing is not yet familiar to our friend, the man in the street, gave a celebrated Cardinal to Rome; the other an imposing figure to literature."

The Colonel responded blandly that so far as the literary figure is concerned it was clearly a case of imposing. Only in an age of imposture could George Borrow manage to foist himself on an innocent and undiscerning public. He recalled Oliver Wendell Holmes's statement that audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always impressive, adding by way of commentary his surprise to find so shrewd a judge of human nature admitting such a fallacy. Audacious self-esteem, he went on to state, is but a roundabout way of writing the little word conceit. The young lady classic gently reminded the company of Goethe's view, which was to the effect that conceit is to be found only in narrow-minded people or those in mental darkness. It never goes with really first-rate endowments. In one of her novels George Eliot remarks that there is no need to pity self-conceited people, since they carry their comfort about with them. Conceit is a kind of gas providentially designed to inflate vacuous heads. Locke in his time considered it among other things, and delivered this judgment: "Strong conceit, like a new principle, carries all easily with it *while yet above common-sense*;" and a higher than either Locke or Goethe has said pertinently, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

"That's a clincher," cried Solomon.

My dear sir, that's Scripture beyond a doubt, and puts conceit precisely in its proper light and place. You may do something with all

other kinds of defective persons, however glaring their deficiencies, but with the fool you can do nothing. In the end he will frustrate all your efforts and disgrace himself in spite of you; and this, though he may all the while be animated by motives and intentions which are beyond cavil. There is more fatuity about a fool than a wise man could well compute in a long summer's day. Did not Schiller declare that the gods themselves are helpless with him? In the merry England of romance a fool was a particularly keen-witted fellow in motley whose office it was to maintain the gaiety of kings and other exalted personages when their world was out of joint or hung too heavily upon them. Shakespeare's fools are miracles of wit and wisdom, philosophers in disguise, poets in essence, table wits unmatched in readiness and point. It would be possible to construct out of their detached sayings and scattered verse a system of philosophy as profound as Plato's, as practical as Machiavelli's, and better suited to ordinary needs than either.

These remarks were made one evening towards the end of dinner when the company, having induced the inward glow which comes of dining satisfactorily, was attuned to geniality and brotherly views. The cook and the *restaurateur* are in reality the prime masters of humanity. We are all subdued by the gleam and savoury warmth of the well-plenished table, when, in the words of our son of Avon, digestion waits upon appetite. The whole man then sings as harmoniously as the morning stars; a subtle philosophy not found in books seizes upon the heart, or perhaps some region a little lower down, and moves deliciously along all the cords. So that the veriest churl beams unconsciously. A Frenchman reflecting on our climate said that the only fruit which ripens in England is the baked apple. That is a witty Gallic libel. But to many a well-ordered British community the sunniest time of the day is the dinner hour. Nor is this to be accounted anything but a sign of national wholesomeness and vitality. Having dined, John Bull faces the world like a philosopher, and the philosophic post-prandial mood constitutes at least one source of his strength.

There is one sauce which is an infallible aid.

The Critic on the Hearth

to good-humour, I mean properly-conducted dinner-table talk. Who are the men that shine in it? I think they are the men who begin with pretty little tiny kickshaws of conversation and proceed with deft lightness through the serio-comic to graver topics. The British love gravity, and abhor levity. The person who would so abuse the privileges of the occasion as to preach at any stage ought, in the expressive American phrase, to be ruthlessly "fired." It is dangerous to attempt monopoly of talk in general company.

"The modern fool," quoth Solomon, reverting to the business in hand, "is of a different complexion from his Shakespearian relatives. He suffers from an insufficient furnishing of the top storey. In the old days only a clever fellow could be a fool; now the case is reversed, and as a consequence he is appallingly numerous."

"Appallingly," murmured the whole table in chorus, "appallingly." Evidently we had all suffered from the fool.

"After all, isn't it largely point of view?" said the Curate. "What the dog thinks of his master may be partly imagined from the wagging of his tail; but what the cat thinks of her mistress is a matter for profound speculation."

The young lady classic, full of her own exalted notion of things—she is young and beautiful and romantic—gently but firmly ruled the fool out of our discussion and adroitly brought us back to her own fountain-head of ideals—imaginative literature, wherein she professed to find the germs of all that is noblest and best in thought and emotion. In the reckoning of great things pray do not forget emotion, because it is the winsome feminine form of thought, and is operative and effective where the masculine form is dead or useless. Parenthetically it may be remarked that in the great crises of life, whether joyous or sorrowful, emotion is the first handmaid of the mind. For in spite of logicians and other hard matter-of-fact persons, sentiment rules the world. Sentiment is indeed the child of thought, but it is a child that has more influence than the parent. To think well is not always to act well; but the right feeling invariably brings the right action; and as Matthew Arnold reminded us, in a passage worth printing in gold, "conduct is three-fourths of life." Wherefore I give emotion a first place among the elemental forces that really mould the world and develop life and character. The young lady classic had these things in mind as she expounded, daintily

and half bashfully, her gospel of the ideal, a gospel in her case made delightfully persuasive by a charming personality.

"It seems to me unquestionable," said the young lady classic, keeping with feminine persistency to her point, "that the growing influence of the novelist is one of the most significant signs of the time. The novel, as written to-day by the best practitioners of the art, is a vehicle for ideas, as the highest epic and dramatic poetry has ever been. Fiction is thus enlarging itself. In good hands (I don't speak of the crude mob of artisans and mechanics, manufacturing for the factory girl and the servants' hall) it is becoming protean. It is asserting in a hundred subtle ways, which the dull can neither detect nor understand, the superiority of mind over matter. It transfuses sordidness with the colours of the imagination."

"Is, in fact, a delicious and stimulating cordial," put in the Colonel, bowing gallantly. "I observe there is much discussion in critical quarters over the principles of fiction, and that the high priests and law-givers cannot agree among themselves. Some ask, as if the question touched an international dispute, whether Shakespeare had any conscious moral aim in writing. I cannot tell. I only know that his work is a treasury of moral precepts and fundamental principles. As to the novelist, there can be no question that he is often, and with malice prepense, a reformer, and what is more, an effective reformer. Didn't Dickens amend the poor law, and isn't the People's Palace the true monument to Besant?"

"How delightful it must be," cried the young lady classic, "to be always occupied with ideals, always in touch with the beautiful and the picturesque, and away from the petty sordidness of common life."

I asked whether she had ever tried to write fiction herself. The crimson of an orient morning suffused her face and neck, and her eyes shone as she answered timidly, "Only a few short stories." I did not inquire what became of them, because I knew as well as if she had stated the fact that they were locked among her secret treasures in her desk up-stairs, after suffering rejection at the hands of contemptuous editors. Throughout this England of ours thousands of men and women, of all ranks, conditions and callings, are assiduously and surreptitiously engaged in the production of fiction. Publishers accept from three to five per cent. of the manuscripts sent to them, often with tearful and heart-melting appeals. On the

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most favourable reckoning the rejected therefore amount to ninety-five per cent. The majority never get beyond this stage. Their literary aspirations are killed in the bud, and ever after there is at the back of the mind a numb sense of foiled ambitions. Some have an amazing fortitude and perseverance. I know a lady who wrote seven long novels before she gave up, each written twice over. Two million words; think of the labour! There are multitudes of people with sections of novels in their desks. These, like the man in the scriptural parable, began to build and were not able to finish.

But it was obviously idle to speak of these things to the young lady classic, who thought of literary ideals as if they were the breath of life and the only things worth living for—barring the tender attentions of the Curate. But I asked permission to relate a little parable which I think suggestively illustrates the delights on which she dwelt so rapturously.

* * * * *

Since oaks spake in the thicket of Dodona and the goddess uttered wisdom in bad verse to the children of Apollo, there has been no oracle like unto our Oracle. In his wisdom he condescends to write novels. Now this is no singular thing, as we have seen. Multitudes in these days write who are never published, and multitudes are published who are not sold. Here is the crux of authorship. It is the glory of our Oracle to write, to be published, and, above all, to be sold. Here lies his grand distinction. For of what use is light if it be under a bushel, and what availeth genius in remainders or limited editions? The sun shines on the just and the unjust (with perhaps a sneaking preference for the latter), and our Oracle is as universal as the sun. Translators jostle each other in rendering him into every tongue under heaven, heathen or Christian, so that from the two-and-thirty points of the compass cheques come fluttering down on him like flights of birds of paradise till he is nearly smothered in wealth.

Now a certain literary aspirant, lifting his eyes afar off and beholding these things, said to himself, "Of a surety here is some great mystery. Is it that this man writes so much more divinely than all other men that these torrents of gold flow upon him? I will arise and go to him; peradventure I may learn the secret of extracting cheques from publishers." So he arose and shook out his ambrosial locks (literary beginners, Samson-like, believe in the

unshorn hair), and took his cloak, which, alas! was getting threadbare, and his staff, and hied him to the Oracle.

Now the Oracle is genial, and his heart goes out to disciples when they approach to do homage or piously to seek instruction. So he opened his arms to the literary aspirant, and the twain sat down in luxurious easy-chairs and discoursed exquisitely of the pure joys of literature. Presently the literary aspirant, taking courage, dwelt on its noble qualities—the soul, the imagination, the humour, the pathos, the beauty of style, and loftiness of aim which command popularity. But all at once the Oracle laughed that Homeric laugh of his.

"I perceive," he cried, "I perceive you are still in the callow stage." And he laughed again till his Olympian sides ached.

For a moment the literary aspirant was too much abashed to open his mouth, save in a gape of astonishment; but when the Oracle's fit of merriment was passed he ventured to say: "You will pardon the dulness of a beginner, but callow seems an odd epithet to apply to such ideals as mine. They have always, I believe, animated and inspired the masters of literature."

"Pray don't be offended," returned the Oracle, chuckling. "But honestly, I can never think of ideals without laughing. Ideals!" he cried, breaking out again. "Ideals, and in literature too! Dear, dear, what are we coming to? Believe me, it is vastly amusing."

The literary aspirant, who was not without some natural heat of temper, would have launched forth in defence of his ideals, but the Oracle interrupted him.

"You see the evils of tradition," said the great man. "It is quite wonderful how the blind lead the blind. Really the folly of mankind is colossal. Ideals! dear, dear. My aspiring young friend, don't be speaking of them. The ideal in literature; tut, tut, you must not show your extreme youth in that manner. Look at me," he pursued, drawing himself up to the full height of his sublimity. "Do I dawdle over the ideal? Do I worry myself bald about style and naturalness and the nonsense of fine writing? I know a trick worth two of that. Hark," he added, winking comically as he bent forward in a confidential attitude. "Hark, I'll tell you a secret, though you mustn't be speaking of it." And he whispered knowingly in the ear of his visitor.

"You astound me," returned the literary aspirant.

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"Oh, do I?" laughed the Oracle. "Well, suppose you were to go out into the street and bawl, what do you think would happen?"

"I suppose a crowd would collect," answered the literary aspirant innocently. "But what has that to do with literature?"

"What!" exclaimed the Oracle, "you expect to succeed in authorship, and don't see the connection between literature and the crowd! My dear sir, can't you see that it's the crowd that makes success?"

"*Ad captandum vulgus*," said the literary aspirant modestly.

"I have never thought it worth while to learn the dead languages," quoth the Oracle. "I seem to do very well without them. I have my own methods. Have a cigar."

"But the methods imply art," said the literary aspirant, taking the proffered cigar.

"So," said the Oracle. "Yes, there's an art, and a difficult one, only—" He waved his hand meaningly.

"*Ars est celare artem*," observed the literary aspirant, forgetting himself. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he added with a blush. "I have the most treacherous of memories. I merely meant to say that, if you will excuse the expression, the cloven hoof must be concealed."

"Ah," cried the Oracle, "we begin to understand each other." He took a turn about the room, rolling his eyes mystically, those wonderful eyes that see so much and so deeply. "Yes, I think we begin to understand each other. And let me tell you this, there is no sensation in life comparable to that which comes of beholding yourself selling like hot cakes. That, sir, is the right sort of fame, the fame that makes amends for all the twaddling of idiots about ideals and art for Art's sake. Cultivate that and be happy."

* * * * *

The young man called Solomon pricked his ears at that with the vivid interest which men display when the subject of money is introduced. Gold is almost as magical as royalty in the interest it arouses, perhaps indeed it is the only monarch that holds universal sway

and excites universal admiration. Solomon's commercial sense was stirred.

"I tell you what," he exclaimed, "your Oracle may not have been much on ideals, but he had his head screwed on all right."

This is my friend's method of saying that a man has all the business endowments. "He produces what he knows is in demand and must therefore sell, like the baker from whom he borrowed his simile."

"Or the renowned Bobus of Houndsditch turning out sausages," put in the Curate quietly.

"The Oracle caters—I keep to baker language—for the mob, and the mob being a mighty concourse, he circulates by the hundred thousand, or possibly by the million. If he circulated by the ten million it would make no difference. he would still be the catering tradesman, not the electrifying, charming, ennobling artist. Let us have done with mere questions of monetary gain! In commerce the tradesman holds a useful and honourable place, but in literature, unless we debase the name to the gutter, he is an anomaly, a danger, and, I will add, an abomination."

"That's going it strong," rejoined Solomon, touched as we could see in a tender spot. For his own ambitions were monetary, and he had been heard to declare that if he did not die rich it would be because he should die young.

"The cloven hoof," said the Colonel softly, "should certainly be excluded from the sacred precincts."

The young lady classic sighed as one who has just eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and finds the fruit bitter unexpectedly to the taste. The Colonel looked at her kindly and wistfully. "My dear," he added, like a father comforting a child, "in going through life we must shed many of our illusions, but that is no reason why we should part with our ideals. Keep them in lavender or anything else that will preserve them, for they are not only the true elixir of life, but the unfailing fountain of youth."

Our heads bowed in assent, and I noted that the face of the young lady classic had recovered its lost radiance.



The Sheep-shearer

A RUSTIC STORY

BY MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS

CHAPTER I.—THE WORKADAY WORLD

IF no longer a festival, as in the Georgian period, sheep-shearing fifty years ago was still a rustic event. Titled land-owners had long ceased to lay in provisions suggesting a siege, and fill castle and hall from ground floor to attic, perhaps a hundred guests being feasted abroad. But among farming folk upon this occasion still reigned bustle and hilarity. Then flowed

freely that mellow home-brewed known as Old Harvest. The jest went round, for the nonce masters were hail-fellow-well-met with their men, a longer day's work than usual seemed pure pastime.

A picturesque scene this Suffolk farm presented on a sheep-shearing morning in May. Just as tender nurses strip their little charges by the fire or in a sunny corner, so sheep-shearing always takes place in meadows looking south. And although



"LET ME EASE YOU OF YOUR LOAD"

The Sheep-shearer

sheep do not relish the process of losing their wool any more than babies the process of undressing, soon, well pleased to be rid of a burden, they nibble gaily, one spotless form after another set off by the emerald turf as china lambs by miniature herbage. As the morning hours wore on still lovelier looked this little world. Hardly in southern lands were sharper contrasts than here, the brilliant leafage of the young larches shooting up into a radiant sky, emerald and turquoise the young corn and bright summer heavens.

Behind the sheep-shearers' meadow lay the farmyard, its cheerful noises reaching the men where they worked, the thresher's flail, the stockman's whistle, the milkmaid's clatter as she hung out her newly-scoured pails to dry, hens cackling, turkeys gobbling, ducks quacking.

The sheep-shearer, with the ratcatcher and the thatcher, is a specialist, all of these making their professional rounds as judges on circuit.

Ephraim Cutting, always called by his Christian name, stood at the top of the sheep-clipping tree. None of his fellows handled the gentle creatures more dexterously or humanely, none got through his task at a quicker rate or kept better order in the meadow. For, from the moment of taking up his shears to that of laying them down, the sheep-shearer's word was law. Methodically, almost automatically he wrought, taking little part in the prevailing merriment, for Ephraim was not only a strict "meetener"—that is to say, a meeting-house goer—but a man who pondered deeply on many subjects, whenever he spoke saying something "to the purpose."

"Come, Ephraim," said Tom Berrett, the village wag, "you look older (*i.e.* more serious) than ever. But yonder comes somethin' that would have made father Abraham's face shine even after losing his Sairey."

"Don't mock the patriarchs, leastways in my hearin', Tom," was the severe reply.

Tom's only reply was a grimace and a caper. Then he turned towards a girl who came tripping from the farm with a can of beer.

"Make haste, there's a good mawther,"¹ he shouted; "we've got a bloke here that dry that if he doesn't soon get something

to wet his whistle he'll set himself ablaze like a haystack in sultry weather." Then as the maid drew nearer he ran forward and attempted to take the can from her hand.

"Let me ease you of your load, my dear," he said, "it's unbecomin' for us men folk to stand by whilst your little arms ache."

For answer he received a smart box on the ear, the rebuff being acclaimed with loud guffaws and exclamations of approval.

"That's right, give it him well," cried one. "Go it, Carrie, teach him to 'have himself as he should do," shouted a second. "My! Tommy, how your ears must tingle!" put in a third.

Tom Berrett was a general favourite, but "too forrad with his tongue." A taking down was good for him.

Without taking any notice of the applauding chorus the girl set down her can by Ephraim's side, merely saying—

"Master said that you'd please to pour out, he's just a-talkin' to the miller."

With that she turned away, but not quickly enough to escape the discomfited wag.

"Tit for tat, a kiss for a blow," he said, and springing forward kissed the girl's rosy cheek, a roar of laughter applauding the act.

"Have a care, all of you," Ephraim called out sternly, "or, true as I sit here, this ale shall go, aye, every drop of it, into yonder horse-pond."

Still seated on his three-legged stool, a half-shorn sheep between his knees, he next glanced at the damsel, his lips moved, he seemed about to speak. Then with the dazed look of one suddenly recalled from everyday, comfortable things, unexpectedly confronting a painful past, every fibre alive to rekindled grief and struggle, he stammered an incoherent word and went on with his work.

CHAPTER II.—ROMANCE

NO more heeding the sheep-shearer's attitude than the behaviour of his men, Carrie tripped back, every step, every toss of the head betraying self-consciousness, a woman's satisfaction with her own charms and general appreciation of the same. No East Anglian maiden was this, no typical paragon with a face round as a

¹ East Anglian old English for maiden.

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plate, eyes blue as tea-saucers, and hair that flaxen, as folks said, tow couldn't hold a candle to it. Instead she had an outlandish haughty look, a look of the Londoner, the pert miss from the Shires. Upright as a dart, with skin white as the driven snow, and hair black as the raven's wing, Carrie Watts only wanted a silk gown, tuscan bonnet and feather, to look the lady. Thus folks described her. Of her origin and parentage no one knew anything. She had come from the other side of Bury St. Edmunds, that was all.

Meantime, although his sheep was let go, Ephraim seemed to have forgotten the ale. Hint after hint was dropped in vain, till at last one bolder than the rest seized the can, and beginning with the sheep-shearer filled every one's horn. The strong sparkling home-brewed loosed every tongue. For awhile the men rested; squatting on the ground, each brought out his hunk of bread several days old, and accompaniment of cold pork, or "flet" or skim-milk cheese.

"Now, if I was a bachelord" (a bachelor), quoth Joe Simmons, like Tom Berrett a bit of a wag, "if, as I was a-sayin', I was a bachelord, I'd know where to go a-courtin'."

As he spoke he glanced after the vanishing cotton gown.

"And I know what you'd get, Master Simmons," put in Tom Berrett, rubbing his right ear, "a good tight smack like myself, for your pains. She's a high-flier is Carrie, and bent upon being made a lady of."

"And that's a thing easier said than done too, I lay," added Abraham Wade, the head ploughman. Like Ephraim, he was an austere Methodist and given to quote Scripture. "Leastways, if a mawther looks to be asked in church, not to have part and lot with painted Jezebels, them who walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, mincing as they go."

"You're right there, Master Wade," Tom went on; then making a significant grimace he said, "and if I'm not considerable out o' my reckonin', that young woman we're a speakin' on is not on the road to matrimony. Why, Josh, master's backhouse boy, overheard her say she was a-goin' to May fair to-morrow to meet a gentleman."

"Then she won't bring us a can of beer this time twelvemonths, that's all I can say," was the other's dry rejoinder. Thereupon wiping their lips on their coat-sleeves

and putting aside their flat baskets called frails, all resumed work, the head ploughman remarking—

"You've your old pains in your joints, Ephraim, I lay; you look good tightly peakish, all of a sudden."

"There be things worse than rheumatics that come upon us unawares, Master Wade," was the reply. With a sigh, or rather a half-suppressed groan, he took up his shears, his hands firm as ever, his movements as automatic, only deep flushes that came and went and alternating pallor suggested pain or emotion.

When the long bright day had drawn to a close, and the men had gone home, he lingered, or rather hid himself in the orchard. Two linen-lines would, he felt sure, be cleared before night, and who but Carrie would clear them?

True enough, as something akin to twilight was stealing over the landscape, as one by one the lighter objects became dimly outlined against the massed greenery, blossoms of pear and apple tree and white linen matching the grey heavens, a tall, slim figure came quickly towards the drying-ground. Singing as she tripped along, Carrie was soon by the linen-lines and briskly enough began to unpeg.

"Lor', how you startled me; are you a ghost or a man?" she cried, as Ephraim's gaunt figure suddenly appeared from behind the damson trees.

"Man and ghost both in a sense, young woman," was the reply; "no other than your mother's husband. You've heard of him, I suppose?"

The sheep-shearer was far from intending to be stern or retributive. Deep pity for another rather than for himself now unmastered him, his enforced calm looking like hardness and reproach. The girl, evidently misconceiving his attitude, drew back affronted.

"And what, I should like to know, has that to do with me?" she cried, firing up. "Mother was laid under the turf long ago, she can't hear your railing. And it's no fault of mine that I'm her daughter out of wedlock. I didn't ask to be."

With her back turned to him she continued her unpegging, piece after piece quickly filling her basket. Ephraim stood by determined upon unburdening himself, but hardly knowing how to begin. He looked on the point of shedding tears from sheer bewilderment. Meantime, unmoved, only

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ruffled and indignant the girl swiftly cleared her lines.

"You can wait here till Martinmas, I've nothing to say to you," she exclaimed, making for the back door.

CHAPTER III.—TRAGI-COMIC

"**B**UT I've a somethin' to say to you, my girl, a somethin' you mayn't be sorry to hear, and which you shall listen to willy-nilly. Put on what farin's you like, scream till all the village comes a-

runnin' to gape and listen: true as my name is Ephraim Cutting I'll out with what has been pent up in my breast this twenty year."

His prisoner stood still, for he now barred her way, and held her hands in his own, those tremendously strong hands that had stood him in such good stead as a sheep-shearer. Daring of the daring, apt to be reckless alike in speech and conduct, now for the first time Carrie felt overawed, held fast by a new, hitherto unknown spell, in the grip of another's passion. For that



CARRIE FELT OVERAWED

The Sheep-shearer

stern utterance was almost immediately replaced by a tenderness even more impressive, a tenderness that thrilled this careless, fortune-tossed, friendless girl in every fibre of her being, and in its intensity only to be compared to a religious awakening.

"My dear," the sheep-shearer began, a tear being suppressed with every word, "you'd think, I daresay, that I'd ha' run miles another way rather than stand here a-speakin' to you and lookin' at you, but angered as a man may be with the wedded wife who deserts him, ready as he may be at first to kill her, aye, and her partner in sin too, this can't last, leastways when he cares for a woman as I cared for your mother, and when he tries to act up to the Gospel as I've always tried to do. And the speakin' image of her, you are, my dear, as I took her to church, then innocent as a new-born babe; and when I see'd you this afternoon and heard the chaps say that you was a-goin' to the fair with a gentleman——"

"They shall catch it for meddlin' and makin' with my affairs," she cried, momentarily recalled to herself—the pretty, vain little self so plumed upon, set such small store by—"I'll just teach them to tittle-tattle about me."

"When I heard that," Ephraim continued in penetrating, almost heart-broken

tones, "I made up my mind to waylay you, to go on my bended knees——"

Warring against her better self, trying to break the spell, she tossed her head defiantly.

"Well worth a-goin' on bended knees to such as me, a mawther without so much as a name to bless herself with. There, let me go, do."

"You're not so poor as many another either," said the sheep-shearer, now weeping as he spoke. "I'm but a working man, my dear, but I've a house and home and a heart-ful of love awaitin' you there, love I haven't known what to do with all these long years. I shall think on you as your mother was when we walked together, forgettin' all the tribulation that came after. And have you thought on another thing? The wages of sin is death, the wages of sin is death; have naught to do with that gentleman and the fair——"

Did awe, pity, self-interest, or a reproach that was hers by inheritance now turn the scale? Perhaps Carrie herself could not have said, but bursting into tears she threw her arms around the old man's neck with a hearty——

"Said and done! I don't want to lose my character, but I'm tired of belonging to nobody, and I'll do my duty to you as a daughter, see if I don't. There, come along, and speak to missus about my leavin'!"

Slumber Song

WHITE sheep, woolly sheep,
Drowsily they go,
Winding thorough the pasture deep,
Bleating soft and low,
Ba-baa,
Baa, baa, baa!
Count them as they plod:
Great and small, they travel all
To the fold of Nod.
Elves that none can number,
In down of the eider shod,
Are bringing flowers of slumber,
Poppies heavy with slumber,
Dropping with dews of slumber,
Up from the fields of Nod.
Nid, nid, nod!
A haze is o'er the sod:
A dusk of things—a drowse of wings—
You lose your way in Nod.

Grey doves, dreamy doves,
Hearken how they woo:
"Love your love, your love that loves
Only, only you."
Do, do,
Do 'e, do!
Brooks of dreamland flow,
Half in drowse, the nodding boughs
Waver to and fro.
Elves that none can number,
In down of the eider shod,
Are bringing flowers of slumber,
Poppies heavy with slumber,
Dropping with dews of slumber,
Up from the fields of Nod.
Nid, nid, nod!
A haze is o'er the sod:
A dusk of things—a drowse of wings—
You lose your way in Nod.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

London School Board Pictures

BY HUGH B. PHILPOTT

Photos by Henry Irving

II.—Schools for the Deaf



LEARNING TO SPEAK, CAVENDISH ROAD
SCHOOL, BALHAM

THE education of deaf children presents even greater difficulties than the education of the blind, though the conditions of the problem are not so generally appreciated. It is not his deafness, but the fact that he has no language, which so completely isolates the deaf child from his fellows and makes him so difficult to teach. He does not know the names of the commonest objects, and it is difficult to conceive what his mental processes may be,

so closely does thought seem to be related to language.

There are, of course, many degrees of deafness among school children, from the slight hardness of hearing which led a child to describe the equator as "an imaginary lion running round the earth," to the absolute deafness which cannot hear the shrillest whistle or the loudest peal of thunder. The children for whom the School Board has to make provision in special schools are those who are too deaf to receive instruction in the ordinary schools. There are about six hundred such children under the care of the London School Board, and of these the great majority are congenitally deaf—so called deaf mutes—who have neither hearing nor language, the minority—about twelve per cent.—being children who have become deaf after acquiring some power of speech, and who may or may not have a little hearing.

The age of compulsory attendance for the deaf is from seven to sixteen. But there are several children at the deaf centres who are younger than seven, and the sooner they begin the better. It is very interesting to watch the first steps in the deaf child's education. The methods are much the same at all the centres, but we will take for our example the deaf centre at Cavendish Road, Balham, where they are specially successful with little children, and are working rather more on kindergarten lines than at some of the other schools.

In the beginners' class we find six or seven little children varying in age from four to eight years. The teacher is trying to impart the rudiments of language; her object is to enable each of these little children, who cannot hear a single sound, and before coming to school had no language whatever, to pronounce all the sounds in the English language, and to recognise them when spoken and when written. A sufficiently difficult task, yet, thanks to the natural imitativeness of children, less difficult than one might suppose. The child

London School Board Pictures

moves his lips as the teacher moves hers, and, putting one hand to the teacher's throat and another to his own, he feels the movements of the vocal organs and imitates them with his own. A mirror is sometimes used to enable the child to compare the motion of his own lips with those of the teacher. As the sound is pronounced the letter or letters representing it are written on the blackboard. As soon as a few vowel and con-

sonant sounds are known they are combined to form words. Thus, the teacher makes the hissing sound of "s," the child does the same, and "s" is written on the blackboard; "aw," says the teacher, and the child, after several attempts, perhaps, and using the mirror to test the position of the lips, reproduces the sound correctly, and "aw" is written on the board. The sounds only, not the names of the letters, are learned at this stage. The two sounds are now spoken together, and a new word has been learned. But not quite; how should a deaf child know what a "saw" is? The object must be drawn on the board, or, better still, produced and handled. The lesson is not likely then to be forgotten.

As soon as a few words are known, they are combined to form sentences. In the next class sentence-making is going on merrily, and here something like a conversation is possible, though it has to be kept within the limits of a very narrow vocabulary.

All sorts of pleasant means are devised for making the language lessons agreeable as well as memorable. The conversations centre round objects which can be seen and handled, and as far as possible they are illustrated by pantomimics into which the



AN ARTICULATION LESSON, CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

children enter with much spirit. Part of the playground is laid out in small garden plots, which have to be tended and, of course, talked about. Silkworms are watched at their fascinating occupation, and several birds and a tame rat are on permanent duty at the school. Sometimes a child's birthday will be celebrated by a tea party; invitations will be written and delivered, one child will go shopping, and the feast will be partaken of with conversation appropriate to the occasion.

Drawing and various manual occupations designed to train the hand and eye are introduced from the beginning. The exercise-books of the younger children contain simple sentences and rough pictures, often very interesting and amusing, in coloured chalk. These are regarded not as artistic work, but as a means of impressing the meaning of the words written. With many of the deaf children drawing soon becomes quite a mode of expression, a useful means of supplementing their limited vocabulary. Even very little children draw flowers from nature, and those a little older make original designs based on the flower forms. They also practise modelling in clay, and at Cavendish Road the school rat has more than once played the part of model at these lessons. Altogether the artistic work of the deaf

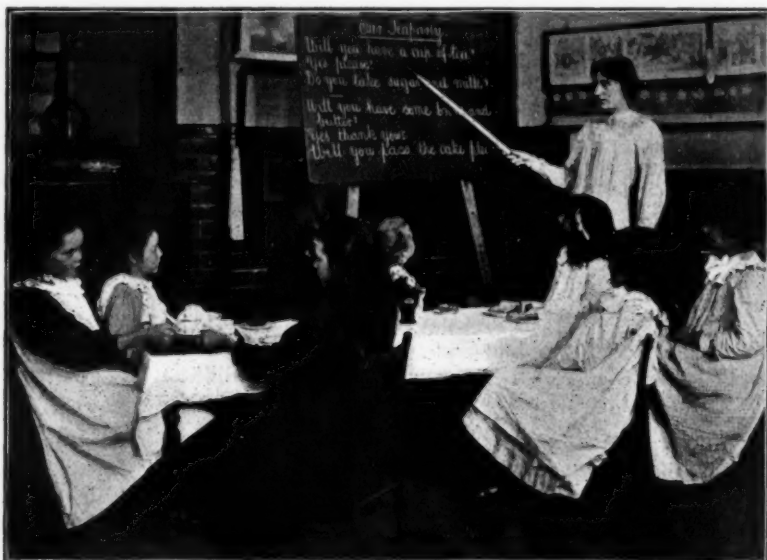
London School Board Pictures

schools compares very favourably with that of the ordinary schools.

It is pleasant to see the eager interest of the children in their work. Speaking must always be a matter of more or less effort to the deaf; singing is to them the natural and easy thing. And the great advantage of teaching speech from the earliest years is seen at Cavendish Road in the readiness of some of the children to speak spontaneously to their teachers, and even to the stranger within their gates. A little girl about six years of age, who probably had but a few score words in her vocabulary,

child, meaning that she had toast. Another said that she had had for a birthday present "a pail and a sweep," meaning a broom. It is inevitable, therefore, that in educational attainments the deaf child should remain for years far behind the hearing child of his own age. But the gulf between them is gradually narrowed, and the more the deaf child advances in knowledge of language, the greater becomes his power of acquiring information.

It is not, however, at the ordinary day centre that we can now see the highest development of the deaf work under the



A TEA PARTY, CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

buttonholed me as soon as I entered the class-room, and pointing proudly to her straw plaiting said, "Eva made it." I noticed too that some of the children were talking to each other by means of the lips, though without sound.

It is a little difficult to realise how heavy a task lies before the deaf and dumb child in the mere acquisition of his native language. It is, of course, a matter of far greater difficulty than the learning of a foreign language would be to a hearing child. The mistakes the deaf make in speaking and writing suggest, to some extent, the nature of their difficulties. Sentences get distorted and words curiously misused. "I had bread and fire for breakfast," said one

London School Board. The work is being organised similarly to that of the blind children, so as to give the elderscholars two or three years of training, largely of a technical character, in a special residential school, with the object of fitting them for definite occupations. The school for elder boys was opened at Anerley in

January 1903, that for elder girls is to be opened in the spring of 1904 at Wandsworth.

In the Anerley school there are fifty-five boarders (presently to be increased to sixty) and about twenty day scholars. They have been gathered from the deaf centres in all parts of London. Here, then, one may see how far the education of the deaf under the London School Board has yet gone. It is very interesting to watch a lesson being given to the highest class, and to join in conversation with the boys. These lads, whose ages run from thirteen to sixteen, are on a level in general information, I am told, with the fifth standard in a hearing school.

London School Board Pictures



CLAY MODELLING (A TAME RAT FORMS THE MODEL), CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

The conversation on the occasion of my visit ranged from one subject to another, and it became evident that the boys were pretty closely in touch with most of the

subjects in which hearing boys of their own age would be interested. They read the lips of the teacher with wonderful ease and accuracy, and there is very little difficulty

now owing to restricted vocabulary. The visitor, especially if he be a bearded or mustachioed person, is not read so easily as the teacher, but even he finds it possible to take a fair share in the conversation. Most of the boys read the newspapers, and some are beginning to read standard books with interest. One bright lad in the class had started writing a story, the title of which at least is noteworthy. It was to be a story



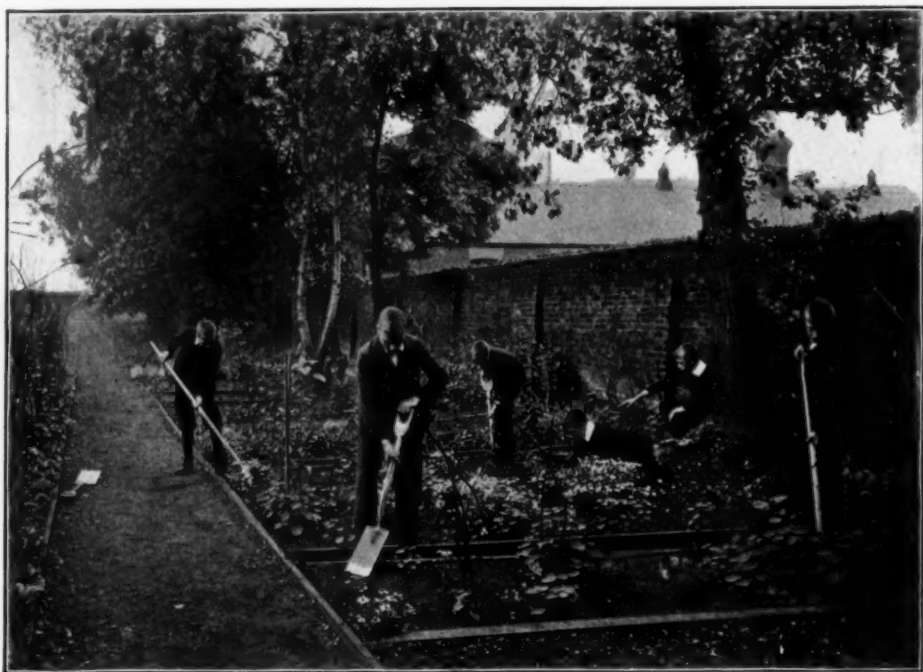
STRIPWORK, A MANUAL TRAINING LESSON, CAVENDISH ROAD SCHOOL, BALHAM

London School Board Pictures

about Siberia, and was to be called "The Land of a Thousand Sorrows." It must not be supposed from his choice of a subject that the young author is of a preternaturally melancholy disposition. On the contrary, his normal demeanour seems to be cheerful to the verge of hilarity.

It is, however, the technical and trade instruction which gives to the Anerley school its distinctive character. It is felt that since it is not the easiest thing in the world even for the hearing lad to get a good

spends, as a rule, three half-days a week in the workshops, during his second year five, and during his third year seven half-days. The trades taught are tailoring, shoemaking, woodwork and metalwork, and others will be added later on. The instructors are practical mechanics, and the instruction given is on distinctly trade lines, thus differing from that given in the ordinary manual training centres. All explanations are given orally, so that the work of the shops as well as of the school-room ministers to the



ANERLEY RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL: BOYS AT WORK IN THEIR OWN GARDENS

situation when he leaves school, the deaf lad will have a very poor chance indeed unless he have some special qualifications which will to some extent make up for his physical disability. It may not be possible in the time devoted to trade instruction in the school to make a boy a thoroughly expert workman, but he may well attain sufficient skill to make him very useful in a workshop; he may gain a grasp of the principles of his trade, become familiar with its technical terms, and so be able without difficulty to receive instructions and explanations from the employer or foreman.

During his first year at Anerley a boy

pupil's progress in speech and lip-reading.

The Anerley school is the first of the kind in England, and is therefore to a great extent experimental. The services of a very able and experienced head-master have been secured, and the Board evidently determined that there should be no risk of failure through any niggardliness in the matter of equipment, for the planning and furnishing of the school are on the most lavish scale. Attendance at this particular school must, of course, be voluntary; but any reluctance parents may have to sending their sons to a boarding-school generally disappears after a visit of inspection to Anerley. The

London School Board Pictures

residential part of the buildings consists of four cottage homes, named after distinguished members of the London School Board—the Lawrence, Reay, Moberly, and Stanley homes. Each accommodates fifteen boys, and is in charge of a "mother." The daily life is modelled, as far as may be, on that of a well-ordered home rather than of an institution. Five boys sleep in each of the bright, clean bedrooms, and every boy has his own comfortable spring-mattressed bed. The boys willingly help with the housework, and there is a healthy rivalry between the houses, so that the Lawrence boys cannot go to school, happily, with the

consciousness that the Stanley door-knocker is more brilliantly polished than theirs, nor can the Stanley boys tolerate the thought that the Reay common-room is more tastefully decorated than their own.

There is a fine playing-field in which cricket and football are vigorously pursued, and the school-hall is fitted as a gymnasium—the finest gymnasium in any London Board School, and one which many secondary schools would be proud to possess. The school has its annual sports day, and visits are paid to a neighbouring swimming-bath. The results of this ample provision for athletics and physical training are seen in the vigorous, sturdy figures and alert demeanour of most of the boys. Beyond the playing-field is a large garden, which supplies the school with vegetables, and in which plots of ground for flower-gardens are assigned to such of the boys as care to cultivate them.

At the school for elder girls, which is to be opened at Wandsworth Common, it is proposed to teach dressmaking on artistic lines and millinery, in the hope that some of the girls will be able to find employment on leaving school in good West End shops. Girls who lack the taste and artistic capacity for such work will be taught laundry work, and other occupations may be introduced later on.



DINNER AT ONE OF THE COTTAGE HOMES, ANERLEY

Such is the scheme for the deaf child of ordinary capacity: the day centre up to the age of thirteen, followed by three years at a residential school, where special attention is given to technical work. But there are some unfortunate children for whom this curriculum is impossible. Their mental capacity is below par, or perhaps some other physical infirmity is added to deafness. What is to be done with such children? They get little good at the ordinary deaf schools, and their presence tends to retard the progress of the brighter children. Yet they are capable of receiving some degree of education, and the difficulty of imparting it does not relieve the educational authority of its duty to these unfortunates. Since October 1902 special provision has been made for them at a residential school in Homerton. Here are gathered all the deaf children who, for one reason or another, are incapable of benefiting by the teaching of the ordinary deaf schools.

It is a pathetic little company of boys and girls of all ages from six to sixteen—about forty of them in all. Every child is a difficult case, but nearly every one presents a different kind of difficulty. Every child is a separate problem in pedagogics and psychology, and consequently, of course, requires individual attention. The task of

London School Board Pictures

the head-master and matron, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Barnes, and of the other teachers, is—one would suppose—anything but an enviable one. Fortunately, Mr. Barnes is endowed with a very large measure of the Mark Tapley spirit, and his cheerfulness and energy are infectious. The more depressing the conditions of work, the greater the credit for being jolly; the duller the child, the more cheering are the faint gleams of intelligence which the teachers are able to evoke. For though none of these children will make a bright scholar, and few probably will ever earn their own

the animal to the human level. Such is the work of this Homerton school, and here, of course, there can be no pedantic allegiance to the oral or any other system of teaching; any and every means are adopted by which the intelligence can be awakened and instruction imparted.

The deaf work in London has suffered somewhat in the past from want of uniformity and continuity of organisation. It will be seen from what has been said that the present thorough organisation, which is very largely the outcome of the efforts of Mr. B. P. Jones, the Board's Superintendent

ent of Deaf and Blind schools, has only just been completed. It must therefore be three or four years hence before it will be possible to speak from full experience of the efficacy of the present system. When a fair number of boys at



THE GYMNASIUM, ANERLEY SCHOOL

living, yet much may be done to brighten and elevate their lives. Some, when they first come to the school, are little better than animals—speechless, helpless, unmoral, the reasoning faculties dormant, the conscience unenlightened. But give them good food, a comfortable and happy home, and continual occupation, and by degrees the most degraded become self-respecting, acquire nice habits, take an interest in life, show themselves anxious to please, display some mental activity and some manual skill, though but the most crude, begin to communicate with their companions and their teachers; in a word, are raised from

Anerley and girls at Wandsworth have completed their three years of training and taken their place in the industrial world; when the ordinary day centres, relieved from the specially difficult cases, have had a chance to do their best with the intelligent children from six to thirteen years of age; and when the poor weaklings have been subjected for several years to the gracious and stimulating influences of the Homerton home, the successors of the London School Board will be able to estimate rightly the value of the work done by the Board on behalf of the deaf children of London.

A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs

(Shortly before the Siege of Peking Legations in 1900)

BY ANTOINETTE DUTHOIT

COUNTRY travelling in China, although a strange experience to those who are only familiar with the prosaic speed of railway journeys in Western lands, is all the more attractive because of its novelty. So at least I thought when starting on a lovely spring morning, to visit the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs, thirty or forty miles distant from the city of Peking. Our party was but seven in number, and we were only to be away four days, yet judging by the numerous attendants and the elaborate preparations for the start from the "Hôtel de Peking," the uninitiated might well have concluded that we were to dwell in the wilderness for as many weeks; for in China the would-be traveller into the country must carry with him all the necessities of life—or do without them. Food and water, bedding and blankets, table furniture; even a stove and cooking utensils must be provided, as the barest of bare rooms in native inns is the only accommodation to be met with *en route*, and the pack-donkeys, loaded with baggage as well as the Peking carts filled to overflowing, were highly important items of our equipment. The ladies travelled each in a mule-litter, which is somewhat like a large sedan chair, the upper part of the sides and front being opened or closed at will. Borne by two mules fastened between the strong wooden shafts, one in front and the other behind, it travels sedately at the pace of three or four miles an hour, a muleteer in charge (mostly asleep) riding a donkey alongside. If properly "spread" with the mattresses and cushions, so indispensable at night in the Chinese inns, the mule-litter is very comfortable, when one has become accustomed to the alternate swaying and jerking motion caused by the peculiar step of the mules in walking. The blue-hooded carts drawn by mules driven tandem, the red and blue mule-litters, and the servants in flowing gowns, their glossy queues hanging from beneath large flapping sun-hats, together with pack-animals, and riding-donkeys with their gay pack-saddles and

collars of merrily jingling bells, formed an essentially Eastern and very picturesque procession.

It was only 4.30 A.M., but the streets were full of life as we passed through the city to one of the great Western Gates. From this point the way lay for miles along sandy tracks across the vast plain on which Peking is built. For the occupants of the mule-litters, at least, this first part of the journey was scarcely exhilarating, enveloped as we were in clouds of sand kicked up by the mules, with an Eastern sun beating down on the tops and sides of the litters, making the heat almost insufferable within. Halting only occasionally for rest and refreshment at quaint, though uninviting-looking wayside inns, we journeyed on throughout the day, and if the plain itself was somewhat monotonous, there was always much of native interest all around. Often on either side of the dusty track lay far-stretching fields of rich-springing grain crops, melon fields and orchards, for the Chinese peasant is unrivalled as an agriculturist, thrifty, industrious, resourceful; by nature law-abiding and peace-loving, he only wishes to be left in peace to the cultivation of his land, and perhaps none have suffered more severely during the late troubles than the uncomplaining Chinese peasantry.

Crowds of picturesque blue-garbed villagers gathered by the roadside to gaze at us as we passed through the villages, for the foreigner is regarded with wonder and awe, as a remarkable and possibly dangerous curiosity. Children fled terrified and screaming from one's most conciliatory smiles, to hide behind their parents, and mothers hastily covered their infants' eyes at our approach, lest the evil eye of the foreigner should chance to rest upon them. In every village, however poor, the Temple was always a conspicuous object, and within it in all probability would be found some splendid specimen of bronze-casting in the shape of an incense altar, or other sacred emblem.

A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs

The leisurely Mongol caravans passing by were objects of never-failing interest, and one was never tired of watching the long trains of some fifty heavily-laden Bactrian camels, as they sailed slowly and majestically along in "strings" of six or seven, casting evil, suspicious glances on the foreigners from vicious half-closed eyes. All the beasts seem ever to share the natives' dislike of the foreigner, and it was highly entertaining to watch our donkeys' efforts to unseat their riders—other means failing, by rolling on the ground—and to see the mules' evident delight when they had succeeded in upsetting the litters and turning us out—which they did sufficiently often.

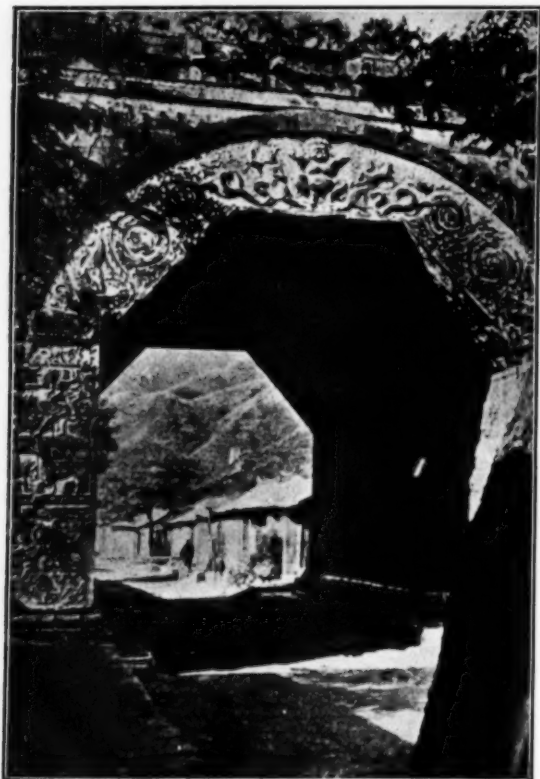
It was getting towards evening when we descried the welcome outline of the north-western hills, and knew that Nankow was within reasonable distance. This was the walled town at the foot of the famous Nankow pass, where we were to halt and stay the night. But when we did arrive,

weary from the long day's journey, how truly appalling was the sight of our strange quarters. An enclosed inn-yard in which pandemonium reigned; boys and men, mules, ponies, donkeys, dogs and fowls swelling the chorus, and apparently vying with each other as to which could make the most noise. On either side of the enclosure rough stalls and mangers provided stabling for the animals, and at the extreme end on a slightly raised platform stood the inn itself, a long, low building, with the usual ornamental roof, broad eaves, and lattice frontage, from which ineffectual double-leaved doors opened straight into the rooms from the inn-yard. The interior was rough, bare, and not too clean. The best guest-room only boasted of a wooden table, and benches placed in the middle of the uneven stone floor. One end of it was taken up from wall to wall by the "kang" or brick bed, a hollow brick platform, under which a charcoal fire is lighted in winter, the fumes being supposed to escape by a flue communicating with the open air. At first sight it was not encouraging to find that we ladies must make the best of it as a common bedstead, but the inimitable Chinese "boys" quickly spread inviting-looking beds upon it side by side, with the litter furnishings, and as it was happily too warm to need the charcoal fire, there was no fear of suffocation by the fumes, which generally do not escape in the well-regulated way expected of them.

The ornamental lattice frontage was covered with a tough native paper on the inside, affording the sole protection from wind, weather, and inquisitive Chinese, who delight to poke holes in it to "look see" what is going on inside.

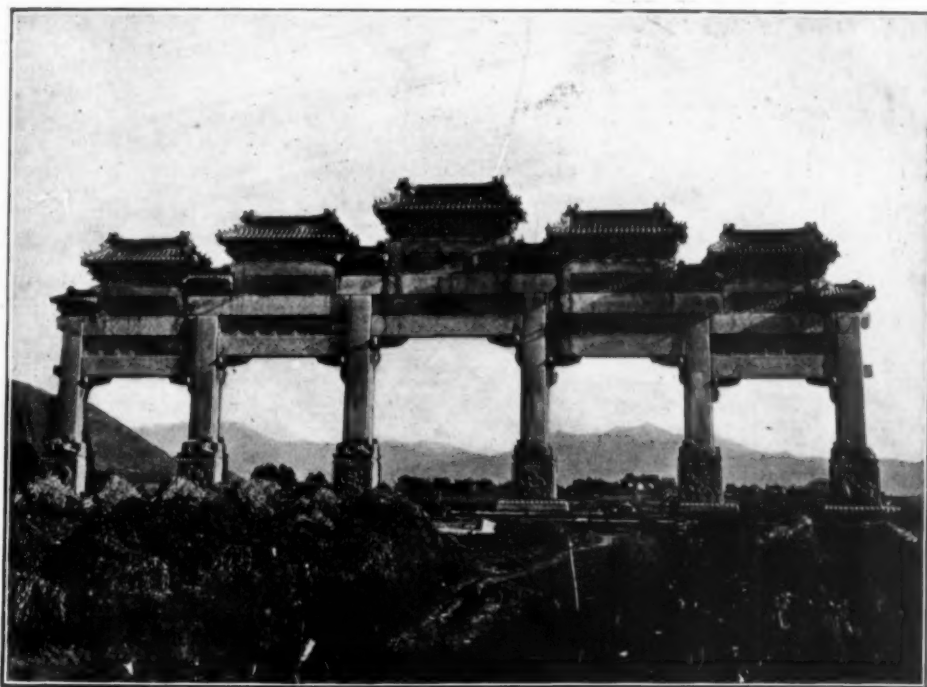
But novelty is rarely without its charm—and never have I slept more soundly than during that first night in a Chinese inn, despite the brick bed and the tumult outside, which bid fair to continue all night, and which was certainly raging furiously at four o'clock the next morning when we awoke to prepare for an early start.

An almost magical change of scenery lay before us, when soon after daybreak we entered the lovely and romantic Nankow pass,



ARCHWAY OF GENKHS KHAN AT CHÜ YUNG-KWAN
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A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs



MARBLE ENTRANCE TO THE AVENUE OF MONOLITHS LEADING TO THE TOMBS

luxuriant with flowers and foliage. Grand rugged hills rose on either side, as we followed a winding, gradually ascending road by the side of a wide river-bed, then quite dry, and covered with massive boulders and great gleaming white stones. The road was fairly alive with traffic, mostly tending in one direction, on the way from Mongolia to the busy mart within the Chinese capital. Hundreds of carts, blue-hooded or lightly-roofed with matting, and filled with travellers or merchandise, lumbered leisurely along, as well as numberless trolley carts loaded with all kinds of country produce; heavily-freighted, squeaking wheelbarrows slowly trundled on, and coolies, always at a jog-trot, bore their various loads slung at each end of bamboo poles balanced across the shoulder. There were handsome buff-coloured Mongolian ponies, with long white manes and tails, and ornamented forelocks; droves of heavily-laden pack-mules, and droves of donkeys too, with burdens ingeniously disposed in the ends of long sacks, and crossed so that they hung with equally distributed weight on either side. The little animals trotted steadily on, regardless of their drovers, who, like my muleteer,

managed to sleep peacefully as they rode along!

Herd of black swine, and flocks of white long-haired sheep were continually driven by, and oftentimes seemingly moving stacks of brushwood or straw bore down upon us, although close inspection discovered a minute donkey between two sheaves. As the sheaves met at the top, projected in front, and trailed on the ground behind, there was not much donkey to be seen, nothing indeed but the nose and the forefeet. Delightfully picturesque, too, were the groups of Tibetan travellers, with their bright-faced, attractive-looking women. Now and again the traffic was so dense that we had to halt until the road was clear, especially as it became narrower higher up the pass. The impression left on my mind is of a never-ceasing, fascinating procession of life and colour, streaming down amongst the hills; sometimes appearing in the distance winding along on the opposite side of the pass, now crossing the river-bed, then advancing, meeting, passing us by.

A few miles up the pass from Nankow stands the remarkable Chü Yung-Kwan archway, built in the thirteenth century

A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs



ELEPHANT, IN THE AVENUE

by Genkhis Khan, the great Tartar monarch.

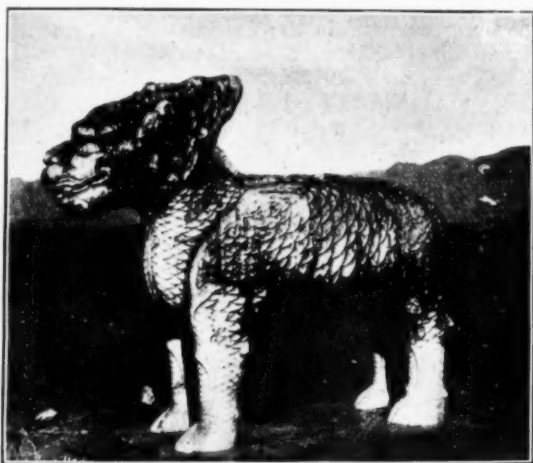
Above the archway, on the outside, are some very quaint carvings, and within there are some equally quaint ones in lower relief; but chief in importance and interest are some famous inscriptions, of very special value, which archæologists and scholars of all nationalities have travelled far to see, and which are similar in philological value to those of the Rosetta Stone. They present the same version, in six languages, of two Buddhist invocations, one on each side of the archway. The original Sanskrit is carved in large characters along the top, and of the other five languages, the Chinese, Mongolian and Tibetan are easily recognised; the Ouigour (ancient Manchurian) and Tangut are beyond the ken of any but Oriental scholars. Of the principal carvings within the arch, those on the roof represent the five Celestial Buddhas, and the four gigantic figures just inside at each corner are the four great guardian kings with which one is so familiar at the entrance of every Buddhist temple in China—the White Guardian of the East, the Green Guardian of the South, the Red Guardian of the West, and the Yellow Guardian of the North. The symbolical carvings without, above the archway, are intended to represent the "triumph of Buddhist enlightenment over the powers of darkness, typified by serpent

dragons coiled in scrolled clouds." Though keenly interested in examining this unique structure, I unfortunately knew but little about it at the time, and I am indebted to Dr. Bushell, late of Peking, for the details of this explanation.

It was just beyond this archway that we caught the first impressive sight of the Great Wall, high on the hills above us, the crenelated battlements showing in clear sharp outlines against the blue sky. How strange and wonderful a link it seemed with the far, far-away past; in its very conception old-world and romantic, for it was built, not to defend a city, but a vast nation from the devastating inroads of Tartar hordes.

Sixteen hundred miles long, and twenty-five feet high and wide, this stupendous structure was the work of Ch'in Shih Huang, the first universal Emperor of China, two centuries before the Christian era; and, like all colossal monuments of the Eastern world, it was carried on by forced labour at a fearful sacrifice of human life. The Chinese have on record that every third man in the empire was drafted and forced to build, while many hundreds of thousands lost their lives; it was, they say, "the annihilation of a generation," adding, as if in justification, "but the salvation of a thousand."

It is indeed an amazing sight to see the Wall winding its way along the summits of



FABULOUS ANIMAL, IN THE AVENUE

A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs

the hills, sweeping down into the valleys, ascending the heights. Fine embattled towers, serving the double purpose of watch-towers and bastions, occur at frequent intervals, and now and again we passed through strongly-guarded passes with two massive stone gateways perhaps fifty yards apart, branches of the Wall descending the hills abruptly on either side to join them. The great double-leaved, iron-plated doors were thrown wide open, and must have

back was the only alternative. There groups of gaily-dressed women peered curiously at us from a safe distance, and the usual crowd of men gathered about us, until one of the party produced a camera, when they beat a hasty retreat, for well they knew about the evil spirits concealed inside it. One man with a refined intellectual face, whose picture was much desired, was as wily as a mosquito in evading the range of the camera.



FINAL ARCHWAY THROUGH WHICH THE BODY OF YUNG LO WAS CARRIED
FOR BURIAL TO THE HILL BEHIND

remained unclosed for long ages; the top of the Wall, flagged with broken stone, was overgrown with weeds, and everywhere were grievous signs of ruin and decay. But yet the marvel rather is that it should be so far intact. There has been no use for it, since for centuries the opposing nations have been united, while no attempt is made to keep it in repair. And it has stood for nearly two thousand years!

We had planned to picnic on the top of the Wall, but sudden heavy rains made it impossible, and a Chinese inn on the way

We reached Nankow by sundown, and the following day was to be devoted to the Ming Tombs. Leaving by five o'clock, the morning was yet well advanced before we saw the beautiful yellow porcelain roof-tiles of the Tombs, glistening in the sunlight amongst the trees, at the foot of the distant hills.

The Ming dynasty was the last Chinese dynasty to hold sway over the empire. There were seventeen Emperors of the Ming line, which extended over a period of nearly three hundred years, its overthrow

A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs

being brought about by a terrible and widespread rebellion, originating in Shensi. Emboldened by repeated and brilliant successes, one of the chief rebel leaders marched northwards, conquering as he went, to attack the capital. When he arrived at Peking, one of the Southern Gates was thrown open by a traitor, and the rebels surged in, ruthlessly setting fire to the city in every direction. On hearing this fatal news the Emperor ascended the Mei-shan (Coal-hill), an artificially-made eminence north of the Palace, which commands a view of the whole city; and seeing the destructive flames leaping upwards on every side, he returned to the Palace in deep distress. Early the next morning, with but one remaining faithful follower, he ascended the hill again. Writing a few words there with his own blood, to the effect that this calamity was a punishment from heaven for his want of virtue, he concluded with a pathetic appeal to the enemy on behalf of his subjects, and hung himself with his silken girdle.

Unable to cope with the rebels, the Chinese called upon the Manchus to help them, a step which proved fatal to the old dynasty. In a short time the Manchu T'Sing dynasty was formally inaugurated, and the present Emperor, Kwang Su, is the twelfth sovereign of the line.

The justly-celebrated and beautiful Ming Tombs near Peking are the mausolea of thirteen of the Ming Emperors.

They are approached by a remarkable avenue of great stone figures, all monoliths. Elephants, lions, camels and fabulous animals, placed at regular intervals, form the longer part, and at the end near the tombs are four pairs of gigantic statues of civil and military mandarins; the presence of all these strange figures being supposed to suggest their existence in the spirit world, in the service of the dead monarchs. The avenue is entered through a magnificent marble "pai'lou," or memorial arch. A little beyond this entrance is a red, golden-roofed pavilion with open archways on the four sides, in which stands a colossal tortoise cenotaph of marble, bearing inscriptions in Chinese and Mongolian, eulogies of Yung Lo, third Emperor, whose tomb is generally understood to be the finest of the thirteen. Close by stand some curiously-winged marble columns covered with mythical carvings, and then begin the long lines of monoliths, guarded by hills on either side. A paved way of at least half a mile in length,

leading across a fine but ruinous marble bridge, lay between the end of the avenue and the Tombs; the long intermediate distance being indicative of the highest possible rank.

At the entrance-gate of Yung Lo's Tomb, a long parley ensued with the gate-keeper, which we left discreetly with exaggerated indifference to one of the Chinese "boys," and finally the doors were thrown open and we entered the first great court. The "Tomb" includes several acres of land, enclosed within high walls and divided into a series of courts lying one beyond the other, with porcelain-roofed halls, gateways, pavilions, and porcelain pagodas; for as if in pursuance of the idea already suggested with regard to the stone figures, the Royal Tomb is constructed on the same plan as the Palace.

The Great Hall standing between the second and third courts is a magnificent building, and opens upon either court by three large doorways exactly similar and opposite to each other. It contains the entombed monarch's "spiritual tablet," set upon a canopied throne, richly carved and gilded, a table with various sacred emblems standing before it. The ceiling is composed of hundreds of decorative square panels, showing gold dragons on a blue ground; but in every other respect this vast interior impresses one with its dignified simplicity, and the numerous pillars which support the massive roof are simple trunks of teak, each six feet in diameter and fifty feet high. It took many years to bring these enormous trunks by sea, in junks, from Siam, and to float them on rafts up the Grand Canal and the Peiho to Peking, from whence they had still to be carried with immense labour over nearly fifty miles of the plain of Chi-li, before the Emperor's tomb was reached.

On the outside the shapely double roofs of yellow porcelain project over painted façades, in which the most brilliant colours are daringly blended with surprisingly beautiful effect. Triple flights of marble steps, with central slabs presenting carvings of imperial dragons, lead to the great doorways; and three tiers of marble terraces, with carved balustrades, surround the building. Partial signs of neglect are apparent not only in the fallen heaps of broken porcelain, but in the grass and creepers springing up amongst the terraces and roof tiles; but on the whole it is in fair preservation, notwithstanding its centuries of age.

A Visit to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs

Passing on through further courts and buildings one comes at length to a marble altar, standing before a massive embattled tower, which is crowned with a double-roofed pagoda. Through an archway and up an inclined passage, tunnelled in the solid structure of this tower, the body of the monarch was carried, through a second archway into the hill behind for burial—and there it still rests. Two other tunnel passages, full of weird echoes, diverge from either side of this now closed arch, and lead to the top of the tower, where stands the graceful pagoda, containing another memorial tablet to the King. The high burial-hill at the back of this final archway commands an unrivalled view of the surrounding country, and of the enclosed groups of porcelain-roofed halls and pavilions of the other twelve tombs. Impressed by the stately silence, and filled with the romantic charm of the place, one wandered again and again amongst the tree-shaded courts, and through those wondrous halls, where the spirit of the dead past seemed to

linger. Regretfully indeed did we turn away at last, lest the swiftly-falling Eastern darkness should overtake us on the homeward way.

At this period of the world's history it is impossible for any one nation long to resist the march of progress and remain in a state of self-satisfied isolation; and yet, with these peaceful and charming old-world scenes indelibly impressed upon the mind, one cannot but regret the violence of China's awakening, which has carried such desolation and destruction in its wake.

From an æsthetic point of view one deplores also the careless destruction of noble structures and priceless artistic treasures, and the despoiling of much that was ancient and unique by foreigners and Chinese alike. All this, with the introduction of railways, electric light and other Western improvements, dispel all too rudely the glamour and romance of ancient story, which so strikingly invested the wonderful city of Peking, and the one time prosperous and fascinating region of Northern Cathay.



ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE, CLARE, SUFFOLK

Photo by D. Wilson

The Ballade of the Wedding-Smock

FOLDED away in an caken chest,
Precious relic of long ago,
Cunningly "gauged" on shoulder and
breast,
Bleached till it rivals untrodden snow—
That smock! Its wearer looked brave, I
know,
In smart new breeches of creaking cord,
And shoes with buckles; a village beau—
He would not change with a feudal lord.

Here by the chimney he sits at rest,
With toil-worn fingers he traces slow
The patterned hearts—'twas at her request,
A pretty fancy—they worked it so.
He smiles in her eyes like a lover, tho'
For fifty years she has graced his board

Since they together made such a show:—
He would not change with a feudal lord.

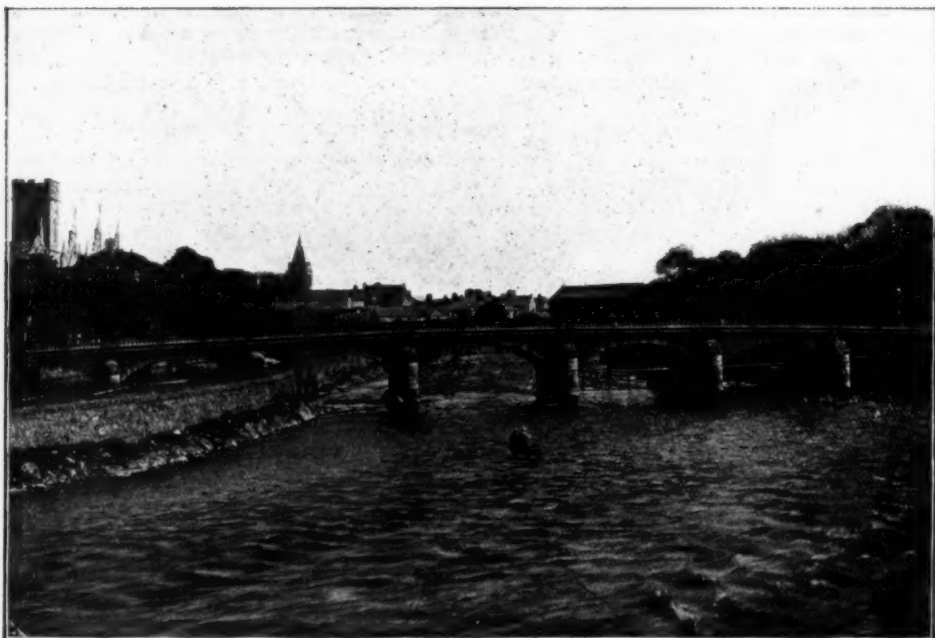
His old wife's hand in his own is pressed,
Fifty odd years roll back, and, lo!
He in his wedding-smock is dressed,
Her yellow curls in the sunlight glow.
Here, flitting nimbly to and fro,
She lights the log from the wood-pile's hoard
On their own hearth for the first time—Oh
He would not change with a feudal lord.

Envoy.

No better fortune can Fate bestow
Than lives attuned to love's deep chord.
Tho' he be humblest of men below,
He would not change with a feudal lord.

NORAH McCORMICK.

The Galway Salmon



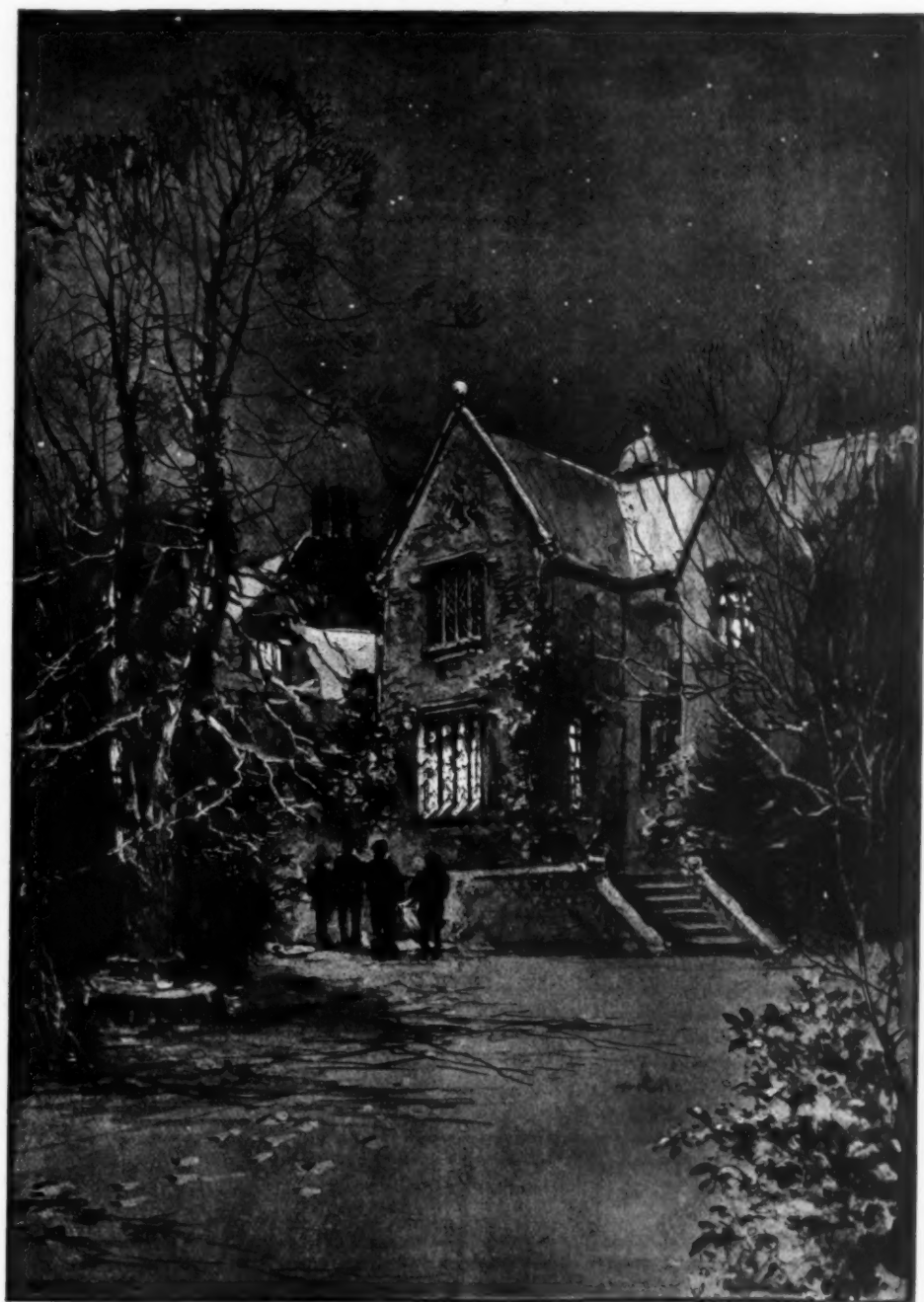
WEIR BRIDGE, GALWAY, IRELAND

Photo by Hull

ONE of the prettiest sights in Galway City is the river Corrib, a clear rapid river running from Lough Corrib through Galway to the sea. It is the home of salmon. Leaning over the bridge one sees the noble fish by the hundred, and it is a beautiful sight to watch their glistening bodies as they dart to and fro. They come up from the Bay, and, unlike the streams flowing past many other towns, the

Corrib is not polluted, so that fish will frequent its waters. A Scotsman—a well-known cricketer—had a day's fishing in the river, and killed fifty-three salmon with the ordinary rod. Splendid fish they were. To the fisher we would say, Go to Galway for a holiday; you can have lough, river, and sea-fishing; and the people are all glad to see you.

GEORGE THOW.



CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE MANOR HOUSE

Drawn for "The Leisure Hour" by Allan Barraud

Over-Sea Notes

From Our Own Correspondents

Dwarf Tribes in New Guinea

THE large island of Papua or New Guinea, lying to the north of the Australian continent, though explored pretty fully along the coastline, is still a comparatively unknown land.

The island, which is now an integral part of the Commonwealth, has been much in evidence of late owing to the legislation which has been rendered necessary for its government, and amongst other matters an earnest effort is being made to induce our legislators to prohibit the sale of liquor, so that the native population, estimated at four hundred thousand, shall not be decimated.

On the retirement of Mr. (now Sir) George Le Hunte from the post of Lieutenant Governor to become Governor of South Australia, Mr. Robinson, the Judicial Commissioner, became Acting Administrator, and he has been assiduously engaged of late in the exploration of the N.E. interior.

His last reports to the Prime Minister are of great interest, for they announce the discovery of new pigmy races, akin in some respects to those found by Stanley in Africa.

While at Tamata he received a visit from the chief of a village situated on the Kumusi River, whose height was only 4 feet 3 inches, with a chest measurement of 26 inches. This small specimen of native authority had a pleasant manner, appeared exceedingly friendly, and acted just as any other native would. His people—the Aligai-ambo tribe they are called—live in a marshy region, which they never seem to leave, and are expert in the management of the fragile and shallow canoes which they use for working their way through the dense masses of aquatic undergrowth.

Mr. Robinson had a further opportunity of noting the features and limbs of a man and woman who came off to them from the village in the marsh, and he remarks that the feet were short and broad and very thin and flat, with, "for a native, weak-looking toes." This was accentuated in the case of the woman, but in both instances the feet seemed to rest somewhat helplessly upon the ground as wooden feet would do. They are so accustomed to their aquatic surroundings that they are not only most accomplished swimmers, but "they can glide on their feet through a bed of reeds or

rushes, or over masses of floating vegetable matter with ease," while on the other hand they tire quickly when walking on land. They build their houses, like many other tribes in New Guinea, on piles at a height of about 12 feet above the water.

In a later report the administrator records his discovery of still another dwarf race. While his party was on the march, they suddenly surprised a pigmy native in his garden. "He was small and slight of stature," he says, "and wore a curious headdress. His hair was bound in long stiff tails, and the whole was covered in a fool's cap of native cloth, impervious to wet, the narrow end of which was allowed to fall down his back. He apparently thought us strange creatures and regarded us with no little awe." The language spoken by this man was somewhat musical, but none of the natives with the party could understand it. Further investigation into the habits and customs of these dwarf tribes will be awaited with interest.—A. J. W.

Exploring in New Guinea

THAT this work is no child's play is evident from Mr. Robinson's account of the many difficulties they met, and especially the many insect and other pests that attacked them on the march.

They suffered greatly from scrub itch, "an invisible microscopic tick" which burrows beneath the skin and causes intense pain, while leeches and ferocious bulldog ants were not a whit less eager in their attentions. The vast masses of underscrub intertwined with trailing vines and the dreaded prickly pear, together with the spear pits of the natives cunningly concealed by leaves, made exploration a perilous and toilsome business.

But, in spite of every difficulty, the party had good success, and Mr. Robinson reports highly of the fertility of the land.

It is apparently the home of tobacco, large quantities of which were found growing, and in every garden there were supplies of sugar-cane, paupau, pumpkins, sweet potato, taro, and yams, with nuts in great profusion.—A. J. W.

A Colony's Escape.

JUST 100 years ago there sailed through the well-known "Heads" at the entrance to Port Phillip Bay, at the apex of which, 40 miles to

the north, the fine city of Melbourne now stands, two ships, whose coming and subsequent going were destined to be fraught with important consequences to the residents of the future Colony of Victoria. They were H.M.S. *Calcutta* and the transport *Ocean*, with a human freight of 299 convicts under Colonel Collins.

Three or four years before Lieutenant Grant, commanding the *Lady Nelson*, was investigating the almost unknown coast, and on reaching Sydney he reported the discovery of what appeared to be a small inlet. Lieutenant Murray succeeded to the command, and instructed Mr. Bowen, his lieutenant, to examine this inlet or entrance. He did so, and passing through the narrow channel, whose "wild tide race" Kipling has immortalised, found himself inside a vast land-locked harbour. On the 15th February 1802 Murray himself entered, and three weeks later took possession of the territory for King George the Third.

Governor King was then ruling in New South Wales, and his entreaties to the Imperial Government for permission to found a colony resulted in the arrival of the ship-loads of prisoners aforesaid. As a matter of fact, the transport cast anchor first, and was joined by the *Calcutta* a few days later, on the 10th October 1802.

Commander Collins decided to fix his settlement at a spot, now and for many years past known as Sorrento, some five or six miles from the entrance. He could not have chosen a worse site for a penal station, or a better for the future history of Victoria. The soil was sandy, the water was brackish and only to be got by sinking, and the bush offered every facility to the convicts to escape. Three of them did flee into the wilds, two of whom died, but the third (Buckley, "the wild white man") lived for many years with the natives and practically became a savage, till discovered and re-tamed by the early settlers.

Collins' reports of the position were so unfavourable that Governor King sanctioned the removal of the whole outfit to Tasmania, as it is now called, and, in deep disgust with the place, the expedition sailed once more through the Heads. By so narrow a risk was the territory, afterwards called Victoria, saved from becoming a convict station.

Collins' name is perpetuated in the street called after him, the finest thoroughfare in Melbourne, but if ever a man deserved a monument for lack of enterprise—a lack ultimately so beneficial—this surely was the

man. Had he but possessed a little skill in exploration, or had his second in command been undismayed by his first brush with the natives, a few hours' sail would have placed him in touch with the fine sites on which two cities are now built, with every natural advantage, and backed for many miles by some of the finest farm lands in Australia; instead, dark tragedies of transportation would have been the result. He simply wrote—"When all the disadvantages attending this bay are publicly known, it cannot be supposed that commercial people will be very desirous of visiting Port Phillip," and sailed away; while to-day the ships of all nations continually pass through the Heads, within sight of the very spot on which he landed, carrying their share of the commerce of the world. The old well is all that is left to remind the present generation of Victoria's only convict station.¹—A. J. W.

Alpine Sports in Australia

ALTHOUGH the whole of Australia lies within either the tropical or very temperate zones, and snow is practically unknown, there is one spot where the winter sports of Northern Europe are not only possible, but are actually practised with enthusiasm. This spot is the village of Kiandra, on a slope of the "Australian Alps," in the south-east of New South Wales. Kiandra is in such an elevated position that every winter it has heavy falls of snow, and annual competitions are held in connexion with snow-shoe races, jumping with Norwegian ski, tobogganing, and other similar pastimes. The mountains amongst which the town nestles afford splendid facilities for these sports, and people pour out from Sydney and the neighbouring towns to witness what are thoroughly novel sights for Australia. The residents of Kiandra have been quick to see the advantages their town may derive from such facilities, and they are doing their best to make the place an Australian Davos. The air is keen and bracing, and the weather is usually very good. Kiandra is not very far from Mt. Kosciusko, which is believed to be the highest mountain peak in Australia. Kosciusko is snow-clad all winter, and for some time Mr. Clement Wragge, Government astronomer of Queensland, and who was the means of establishing the well-known observatory on Ben Nevis (Scotland), had a

¹ An attempt was subsequently made to land convicts in Melbourne, but was successfully resisted by the inhabitants, headed by Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke.—ED. L. H.

Over-Sea Notes

meteorological station on its summit. Unfortunately, one bad winter the occupants of the station nearly lost their lives in the snow, ran short of provisions, and the station is now deserted.—F. S. S.

Proposed Railway across Australia

ONE of the dreams of the Australian Commonwealth is a transcontinental railway—from east to west. At present, save for the steamboat service, Westralia is isolated from the eastern half of the continent, and the proposed railway is to run from Adelaide (South Australia) to Coolgardie, the eastern terminus of the Perth-Coolgardie railway. Unfortunately, this railway would pass, almost wholly, through arid, desert country, and, as it would be several hundred miles long, it is believed that it would be many years before it would pay expenses. Its initial cost would be about £2,000,000. It has, however, many points in its favour. It would, for instance, allow the English mails to be landed in Adelaide, Melbourne, and all over the eastern states two days quicker than at present. Then it might, in the event of a war, be of considerable strategic importance, in case the "enemy" held control of our southern waterway. It would also give the eastern states a short cut to the goldfields, and a quick route to Perth and Westralia generally, and would especially be a boon to sufferers from sea-sickness. If it is constructed, it will allow of one of the longest railway rides—from Brisbane (Queensland) to Perth (Westralia) in the world. Many Federal members of Parliament favour it, especially the Westralian representatives, as it would give the latter easier access to Parliament. Just now South Australia has in view a transcontinental line of its own—north and south—connecting Adelaide and Port Darwin, and is calling tenders for building it on the questionable land-grant system. This line passes through far better country than the other, and there is a chance of it paying its way. It will traverse the heart of the continent, and pass through places where only an occasional explorer has been as yet.—F. S. S.

Coloured Races in Australia

OWING partly to its climate, but mainly to its geographical position, Australia is the happy hunting-ground of coloured races; and this is a

fact that needs to be intelligently grasped by critics of the "white Australia" policy. Chinese are found by thousands in all the states, dating from the discovery of gold in the early fifties. At present they are decreasing in the southern portions of the continent; but northwards, especially in the tropics, they were steadily increasing until the passing of the Immigrants' Restriction Bill a few months ago. Japanese, both male and female, abound in N. Queensland, Northern Territory, and Westralia. Hindoos and Afghans—chiefly in the shape of camel-drivers and hawkers—are found in all the states, and the Hindoo hawker has become a pronounced pest. In Queensland there are thousands of Kanakas—South Sea islanders—engaged in the sugar plantations; but a recent law provides for their deportation within the next five years. In every state there are more or fewer aborigines, but as they neither work (to any extent) nor intermarry with whites, and are fast dying off, they are a negligible quantity. Malays are fairly common along the north coast, where they are engaged chiefly in the pearl-shell industry. There are also fair sprinklings of negroes, Papuans, and half-breeds of various colours. All along the north coast of the continent it is rare to find a settlement or town where the pure white predominates in numbers. Usually, however, he is the principal man in the place, but there are towns where Chinese or Japanese, or even Afghans, are wealthy store-keepers and contractors. On the Coolgardie goldfields, for instance, by far the wealthiest camel-contractor was an Afghan, who was worth thousands of pounds.—F. S. S.

Our American Correspondent

THOSE of our readers who have observed the initials "A. B. R." appended to our notes for the United States will regret to learn of the writer's death. Mr. A. B. Rice, son of Rev. Dr. Edwin Rice of Philadelphia, was a young man of great promise. Born in 1878, he was only twenty-five at the time of his death in October 1903. He had taken a high place at the University of Pennsylvania, and was devoting himself to literary pursuits. His notes were always readable, and he gave much information of great value about current events and social life in the United States.



Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

A Fallen "Star" weighing Fifty Tons

ONE of the largest and probably the heaviest meteorite yet found upon the earth has recently been excavated by Prof. H. A. Ward at a place called Ranchito, near Bacubirito, in the province of Sinaloa, Mexico. This mass of meteoritic iron is more than thirteen feet long, six feet wide, and five feet thick, and its weight is estimated to be about fifty tons. The great meteorite which Lieutenant Peary took from Anighito, Greenland, to the United States a few years ago is believed to weigh nearly fifty tons; and next to these two, the three heaviest "fallen stars" known to science are those from Chupaderos, Mexico, sixteen tons, San Gregorio, Mexico, eleven tons, and Bemdego, Brazil, five tons. Mexico can lay claim to more large meteorites than any other country, and taking but ten of them, their total weight is ninety-five tons, or on the average more than nine tons per meteorite. The Bacubirito mass was known to be a meteorite so far back as 1876, but it is only recently that Prof. Ward undertook the long and difficult journey to the place where it existed and succeeded in excavating it. The meteorite was found embedded in black vegetable soil, with one end slightly projecting above the surface. Upon digging away the soil, the great mass of celestial iron was found to rest on solid rock without a trace of soil under it, thus suggesting that it fell from the heavens at a period when the rock was bare. The form of the mass after it had been unearthed is depicted in the accompanying illustration: which shows also the pittings found on the surfaces of most meteorites. The recovery of a mass like this is a striking reminder of the substantial nature of the roving masses of rock which the earth may draw to itself in its journey through space. These masses are of course not stars; but when they rush through our atmosphere and are rendered white-hot by the heat of friction against the air, their appearance as gigantic balls of fire is so alarming that precise observations of the phenomena attending the fall of a large meteorite are difficult to obtain. Fortunately, large meteorites are rare, and our atmosphere is able to protect us from the

smaller fragments which bombard us and are consumed in the course of their flight through the air, their destruction being announced by the streak of luminous vapour which we call a shooting star or meteor.

Musical Scales

AN interesting contribution to the history of musical scales, by Mr. C. K. Wead, has just been published by the U.S. National Museum. Three centuries before the Christian era, the



THE GREAT METEORITE UNEARTHED IN SINALOA, MEXICO,
BY PROF. H. A. WARD

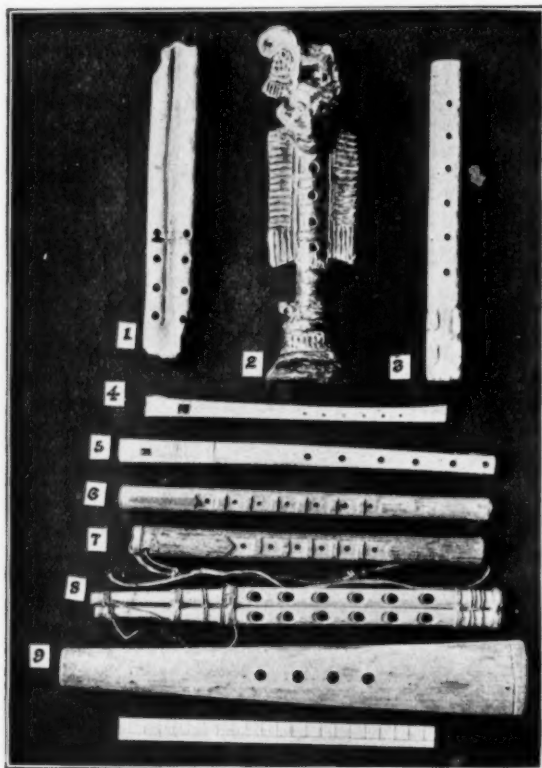
Science and Discovery

Greek musician Aristoxenus pointed out that while the voice, in speaking, changes its pitch by insensible gradations, in singing it moves usually by leaps or steps. Most peoples who have attained any moderate degree of civilisation have attempted to limit the number of steps to be taken by the voice in any song between the highest and lowest note, and to fix these steps by rules. In earlier days, however, no definite musical scale of notes existed, and the voice of man was as free as regards musical utterance as that of birds. After this stage of primitive music came the stage of instruments mechanically capable of giving a scale of notes. The commonest instruments of this kind are flutes, the holes of which are in some cases arranged in two groups. Flutes were used by prehistoric man, and instruments with from three to six holes have been obtained from early tombs in Egypt. A group of flutes from various parts of the world is here reproduced from Mr. Wead's paper. From a study of these

and other instruments, the conclusion is arrived at that no idea of a musical scale has determined the positions of the holes in them. The appearance of the instrument is the chief consideration among primitive peoples, and the size, number, and position of the holes depends upon the size of the hand and the expertness of the performer for whom the instrument is constructed. An examination of primitive wind instruments shows that the holes are primarily decorative, and are placed in positions where they do not interfere with the artistic design. From his instrument with equal-spaced holes to please the eye, prehistoric man obtained series of sounds that could be repeated, and could give to the ear and the mind the idea of the definite leaps or steps that Aristoxenus, countless years afterward, called the characteristic of music.

Invisible Records for Magnetic Phonographs

THE scratching and hissing sound heard when listening to a phonograph or gramophone is due to the stylus passing over the wax or ebonite surface of the record. The noise is unpleasant, but though it can be lessened by keeping the records and the stylus in good order, it can never be entirely done away with so long as the reproduction of sounds depends upon scratches on a material surface travelling under a blunt point in contact with it. An instrument has, however, been invented by means of which sounds can be reproduced without the objectionable quality of the phonograph and gramophone. The instrument depends upon a discovery by Herr Poulsen, described some time ago in these notes, that if a steel wire is caused to travel past a small electro-magnet in circuit with an induction coil and a telephone or microphone into which a person is speaking, it acquires magnetic peculiarities which vary according to the sounds of the voice. In order to reproduce the sounds thus magnetically recorded, it is necessary simply to connect the induction coil with an ordinary telephone receiver and to pass the magnetised steel surface under the magnet. This is the principle of the Poulsen telegraphophone, described in the *Scientific American*, from which the accompanying illustration has been reproduced. There are two forms of the instrument, one in which a steel wire is wound upon a drum which can be turned at a constant speed, as in Edison's phonograph, and the other in which a steel plate is used similar to the disc of a gramophone. In each instrument, a small electro-magnet takes the place



FLUTES WITH EQUAL-SPACED HOLES

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. Double Flageolet, Mexico. | 5. Bone Flageolet, Amazon. |
| 2. Aztec Flageolet, Mexico. | 6. Bamboo Whistle, Tibet. |
| 3. Stone Flageolet, Mexico. | 7. Bamboo Whistle, Tibet. |
| 4. Bone Flageolet, Costa Rica. | 8. Shepherd's Pipe, with reed, Arabia. |
| | 9. Horn, Finland. |

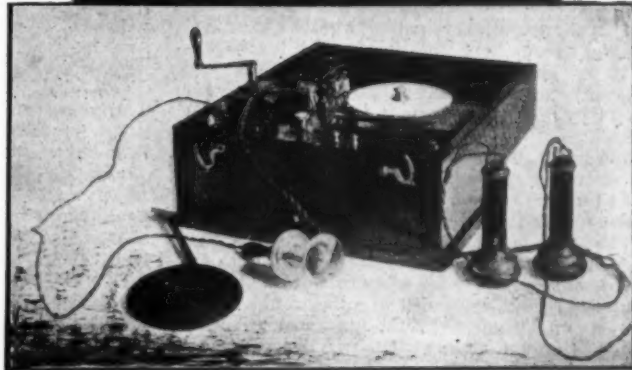
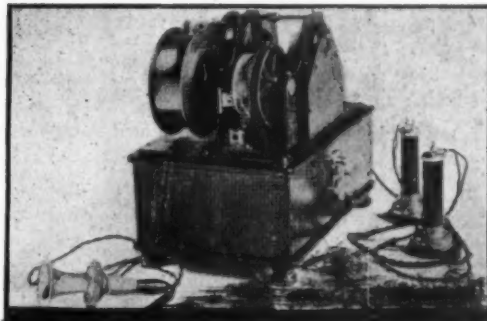
of the stylus of the phonograph and gramophone, and as the steel wire or disc moves under it the sounds are reproduced. Of course, a wire or disc which contains a record shows no change on its surface, as the change it undergoes is purely magnetic. If it had not been demonstrated that steel could preserve the weak magnetic impressions received from a magnet in electrical circuit with a telephone, and could afterwards actuate the magnet so as to reproduce the sounds received, it would be reasonable to doubt whether such a thing were possible. But Poulsen's instrument has been well tested, and leaves nothing to be desired as to articulation and purity of sound. As there is no actual contact between the record and the reproducer, the scratching and hissing of an ordinary phonograph are entirely obviated. A record can be completely erased by passing an ordinary magnet over the steel disc or causing the steel wire to move such a magnet. It is scarcely too much to say that the Poulsen telegraphone is one of the most interesting scientific instruments which has been devised for some time, and there is every reason for believing that it provides a means of reproducing sounds nearer perfection than anything yet available.

Compass Disturbances at Sea

In discussing the causes of shipwrecks, it has often been suggested that the compasses of ships could be affected by the attraction of magnetic rocks on the neighbouring dry land, causing the ships to be unsuspectingly diverted from their correct course, just as

"A rusty nail, placed near the faithful compass,
Will sway it from the truth, and wreck an argosy."

Captain E. W. Creak, in his presidential address to the geographical section of the British Association, regards this explanation of wrecks as "a fond thing vainly invented." Many cases of local magnetic disturbances are known to exist, but they are limited to small areas, and none have been found of sufficient influence on land to account for shipwrecks. But as local disturbances of the compass occur on dry land, it is not a matter of surprise that similar effects may be produced by land under the sea. Considerable disturbance of the compasses of ships have been found in certain localities in depths of water sufficient to float the largest ironclad. Captain Creak refers to a remarkable area of this kind which exists off Cossack, north-west Australia.



CYLINDER AND DISC FORMS OF THE POULSEN TELEGRAPHONE

This "magnetic shoal," as he terms it, is three and a half miles long by two miles broad, and has not less than eight fathoms of water above it. A deflection of fifty-six degrees was found over one part of this shoal, and this at a distance of more than two miles from the nearest land. It appears, therefore, that though magnetic anomalies on land cannot be held responsible for compass disturbances which lead to shipwreck, magnetic rocks under water may be sources of disturbance.

Rate of Ocean Drift

To obtain information as to the general direction and rate of ocean currents, Mr. H. C. Russell, Government Astronomer of New South Wales, has for several years arranged for sealed bottles to be thrown overboard from ships in various parts of the world. Each bottle contains a paper giving the date and position when it was thrown into the sea, and asking for similar particulars from the person who recovers it. In his latest report upon the results, Mr. Russell states that one bottle thrown overboard in the Socotra Sea on January 28th, was found in the Gulf of Aden on February 9th, having travelled 350 miles in twelve days, or, on the average, more than twenty-nine miles a day. This is one of the most rapid drifts yet recorded for ocean waters.

Varieties

Motto of the Dental School

"DENS sana in corpore sano."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

What to do in Rheumatism

A PROFESSOR at one of the allopathic colleges is reported to have said: "There are two things to be done in rheumatism—grin and bear it, or bear it and not grin."—*Homœopathic Envoy.*

Liddon's Rebuke

LIDDON had a very genial, kindly wit—never harsh or cruel, yet often incisive. When he was Proctor at Oxford an opportunity occurred for his exercise of this gift. This story I was told by one who took part in the incident. A friend of his had been plucked several times, and in the better colleges it was customary to ask such men to take their names off the books. At that time a man could not be a member of the university unless he belonged to a college. The dismissed student thought that this was a good opportunity of "getting a rise" out of a proctor; so he told his friend if he would walk up the High Street with him, he would smoke a cigar (a thing unlawful for undergraduates in the public streets). His friend agreed, and the candidate for honours in conflict with the proctor, proceeded to smoke his cigar in the most ostentatious manner, so that he could not possibly be overlooked. It so happened that, as they passed Queen's College, Liddon, the Proctor, emerged from the gate, and seeing the violation of the rules, he raised his cap, as is the custom with proctors, and said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I must ask your name and college. You must be aware that it is not allowed to smoke in the High Street." "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, "I am not a member of the university." "Oh," said Liddon, with a quiet smile and a gracious bow, "I am sincerely thankful to hear it." This was decidedly a backhander. "Oh," said the man to his companion, "shouldn't I like to punch his head?"—PROFESSOR CLARK in the (Toronto) *Westminster*.

Modern Microscopy

[A HANDBOOK for Beginners and Students by M. I. Cross and M. C. Cole. London: Bailliere, Tindall and Co., 1903.]

The microscope has an interest to others beside the scientific worker to whom it is a most important instrument of research. It is a fruitful source of pleasure and instruction to many who make no pretence to science, but who have been unwittingly drawn into the study of minute objects, and through these studies to add to the sum of scientific knowledge. This work is well up to date. It describes the requirements and accessories of the modern microscope, and figures

the more perfect instruments in the market. Further it instructs, shortly but clearly, in the best methods of preparing, staining, and mounting microscopic objects. Every owner of a microscope which is more than a plaything cannot fail to find in this work many valuable, practical hints.

A Query

"BRIAR-ROSE" wishes to know the author of these lines, and where they occur:—

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,

And what we have been makes us what we are."

"Keeping Sunday"

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Guardian* recently asked for fuller information of a custom which he heard of in passing through Gloucestershire. At a village church near Stroud, they celebrate what is called "Keeping Sunday" (the Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity), when the children, standing hand in hand, entirely encircle their church and sing appropriate hymns. This, says the writer, seems a happy symbol to emphasise the petition in the Collect, "Keep, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy Church with Thy perpetual mercy."

Can any of our readers give us any particulars about this custom?

A Flower Guild

MISS M. KNOWLES, Hast Hill, Hayes, Kent, writes to us: "I shall be so grateful if you will ask your readers if they would kindly consent to join the Flower Guild which has been instituted for the purpose of sending flowers to the children of some of the poorest schools and sick poor of London. I shall be very glad to answer any inquiries about the Guild or to send full particulars to any one who would like to have them."

"The Rural Exodus"

AMONG valuable papers issued by the Howard Association is one on the "Return to the Land," which gives the result of Danish experience.

Denmark, during the past half-century, has been able not only to prevent any "Rural Exodus," but actually to induce a decided reverse current of population from the towns into the country. She has done this, too, in spite of foreign competition exactly similar to that which has injured British agriculture. She has become the second country in the world, in regard to average wealth per head. She annually supplies the British market with more than a million hundredweights of butter, and about another million hundredweights of bacon, and some two hundred million eggs, besides scores of thousands of live pigs, cattle, and horses. In return, of course, she receives much

English wealth which might, and ought to be, distributed at home, if the British people and Government would imitate the Danish modes of agricultural development. Denmark has, within a few years, reclaimed some two thousand square miles of previously waste land, which had been regarded as almost valueless. About five-sixths of her territory is possessed by small freeholders and peasants. The Danish farmers and dairy owners have formed Co-operative Societies for the collection, sale, and export of their produce, and with immense advantage. The peasantry have established some 400 banks, chiefly under their own management. There are several hundred cattle-breeding societies scattered over Denmark. Numerous co-operative steam dairies, bakeries, factories, and mills have also been set up. The Danish University and its students have taken a most patriotic course in instituting free lectures and evening lessons for the working classes, committees for promoting popular amusements, cheap concerts, cheap literature, and also offices for free legal advice.

Empire-Making

Has our fickle climate anything to do with empire-making? It has matured a race of men found equal to all vicissitudes and extremes of temperature. What a picture that is which we have of Englishmen on the Sind frontier when Frere was Commissioner, and John Jacob served under him. Jacob was the son of a Somersetshire clergyman, described as "hardy and frugal almost to asceticism." The frontier on which he was stationed stretched for nearly two hundred miles along an almost rainless desert plain. The summer heats beat down without a day's respite for fully six months. "In June 1839 the thermometer in the hospital-shed at Shikarpur was standing daily at from 130° to 140°, once reaching 143°. The nights were so oppressive—the mercury frequently not going lower than 94°—that the English officers sleeping on the house-top would pour buckets of water over their beds before lying down upon them, so as to snatch a few hours of sleep in the coolness of the evaporation; or if living in tents they would scoop out the earth and make a mud-bath to sleep in" (*Frere's Life*). On the edge of this desert lived Jacob, absorbed in his regiments and his work, never taking leave or furlough for nine years, and spending every shilling of his pay and private fortune on them. There was a time when his own regiment of Sind Horse had to lie down to rest with boots and swords on for months together; but he reduced the turbulent frontier to order by his incessant vigilance, and more than all by his inflexible justice. "In the course of seven years Jacobabad, on the site of the half-dozen huts of Kanghur, grew into a town of eleven thousand inhabitants. It was no longer on the edge of the desert, but shaded by trees in the

midst of a cultivated plain, reclaimed and fertilised by the water which canals, engineered by Jacob, had brought fifty miles from the stream of the Indus."

Christmas Cards

"AGE cannot stale, nor custom wither the infinite variety" of Messrs. Raphael Tuck's Christmas Cards. Their calendars for the new year are beautiful works of art. And as for their children's books and cards—happy the child who becomes the proud possessor of *Father Tuck's Annual*! Their catalogue in itself is a book of nearly 300 pages, and from it almost any taste can be suited.

Astronomical Notes for December

THE Sun, in the latitude of Greenwich, rises, on the 1st day of this month, at 7h. 44m. in the morning, and sets at 3h. 54m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 7h. 57m. and sets at 3h. 49m.; and on the 21st he rises at 8h. 5m. and sets at 3h. 50m. He will be vertical over the tropic of Capricorn at midnight on the 22nd, which is therefore the time of the winter solstice, when the days are at their shortest in the northern hemisphere and at their longest in the southern. It will be noticed, however, that his actual time of setting is earliest about a week before, which is simply because the middle of the day by the Sun is then earlier (about seven minutes) than by the clocks, which keep mean (that is, average) time. The Moon will be Full at 6h. 13m. (Greenwich time) on the evening of the 4th; at her Last Quarter at 10h. 53m. on the morning of the 11th; New at 9h. 26m. on the evening of the 18th; and at her First Quarter at 2h. 23m. on the morning of the 27th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about a quarter past 10 o'clock on that of the 23rd. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The Moon will pass very near the bright star Aldebaran soon after midnight on the 31st, but without actually occulting it. The planet Mercury is visible in the evening during the latter half of this month, passing from the constellation Sagittarius into Capricornus. Venus is a morning star, at first in Virgo and afterwards in Libra; she will be near the Moon on the 15th, the conjunction taking place before they rise. Mars sets now between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening; he is in the constellation Sagittarius, from which he passes into Capricornus on the 12th. Jupiter is in the western part of Pisces, and by the end of the month sets soon after 10 o'clock in the evening; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on Christmas Day. Saturn is near the boundary of the constellations Capricornus and Aquarius; he will be near Mars on the 20th, setting about 7 o'clock in the evening.

W. T. LYNN.

Women's

Interests



Abhorred Publicity.

It is now some thirty years since women of the English aristocracy began to permit the sale of their photographs in stationers' and other shops, and their exhibition in traders' windows among pictures of bishops, prize-fighters, actresses, and demireps. I was not as old as I have since become when I heard a very beautiful young married woman of good, but not distinguished, family read at the breakfast-table a letter she had just received from a well-known firm of London photographers, asking her to give them a sitting that they might exhibit and sell her photograph with that of the Marchioness of —, the Countess of —, and Lady —. Whether owing to the period or to something personal to the recipient, the request struck her as only amusing. But her father, who was very proud of his daughter's appearance, felt flattered and would have dallied with the temptation. "You would be in very good company," he said. "In a shop window," she answered. I am always glad to remember that not for a single instant did that young English gentlewoman entertain a proposal that, however worded, was odious. When the Marchioness of — and the Countess of — permitted their well-coiffed heads and jewel-adorned necks to be seen of and sold to every possessor of a superfluous shilling, they were laying a very sharp axe at the root of the tree of their racial eminence. There are things that the average mind expects, and the elevated mind demands, of rank, and these do not include a place among commercial commodities.

That *laïc* women who, in quest of sensation, have learned to consort treely with wearers of the sock and buskin, should think it eminence to appear with them at the photographic mart is intelligible if unfortunate, but that these women and others of their class should permit the portraits of their young daughters to appear week by week in the columns of illustrated newspapers, because enterprising editors desire a pretty picture that will cost them nothing, is not only deplorable but degrading. It is of service to any periodical to be able to claim such intimate relations with people of good position as are evidenced by the appearance of young Lady Sibyl and the Honourable Constance in its pages; but what of the girls whose fair faces are offered for the discussion of Cholly and Johnnie in every hotel billiard-room, or subjected to the wet thumb of the butcher's boy, who can take half-an-hour from his labours to look at the illustrated papers on the table of the free library? Except the proprietors of these enterprising organs, no one is benefited by exhibitions that degrade the object of them. The average reader becomes unable to discriminate among aristocratic women, literary women, artistic women, drawing-room debutantes, prize athletes, dancing girls, and den-i-non-dancees when he finds them cheek-by-jowl in his favourite publication.

Some years ago a periodical went a degree further, and offered a beauty prize to the young woman whose charms received most votes from a plebiscite of the readers of that organ. If I mistake not an actress got the prize, but an Earl's young daughter came in a good second. In the robust old days when men dealt drastically with those who insulted the women of their family, a groom of that aristocratic house would have been sent to horsewhip the intelligent originator of this test of the taste of the community, and the world would have been a good deal sounder and sweeter for that act of violence. As things have become, it may be that Lady Sibyl was flattered to have come second to Zephyrina. People whose appearance is their stock-in-trade are in the way of business when they advertise that appearance in all possible ways, but those who are privileged to stand apart from such

publicity, sacrifice more than their dignity when they offer their faces to every careless and sometimes contemptuous eye. To what a pass has our aristocracy come when those who respect it, in spite of itself, keep in their hearts an ever-diminishing list of those belonging to it who have not condescended to the blandishments of the wily proprietors of illustrated periodicals. I have heard it

boasted that the Cecilia at least have never lent themselves to the free kodak. This of the possessors of one of the grandest names in English history! *O tempora! O mores!*

What has befallen the aristocracy is crowding on the heels of the eminent in other walks of life. One wonders if George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Gaskell were alive to-day, would they succumb to a polite appeal for a photograph and a few particulars regarding their achievements "for the information of our readers," or, if refusing, their refusal would be dictated in any measure by the knowledge that at least two of them were not fair to see? The present *doyenne* of English letters appeared two months ago, not in a literary but in a very frivolous periodical, surrounded by ten of her sisters and half-a-dozen of her brethren of the pen. The author of a very able book of the social scientific order was there too; indeed, the astonishing thing was that all the company had some claim to distinction in the world of letters. Now I know a writer who was invited to appear in that particular gallery, and who treated the application as if it had been a trade circular from a house with which she did not desire to do business. It went unanswered into the waste-paper basket. Here again a friendly adviser might have said, "You will be in very good company;" and here again the person addressed might have replied, "But in a very bad place." What producers of anything look like is of no consequence to the community, and to the kindred spirits it is merely the quality of their works that matters. We have frequently been told by shrewd traffickers in other people's repute, that readers (i.e. the purchasers of that particular trafficker's publication) are interested in knowing how much authors earn, the kind of houses they live in, their favourite comestibles, and what class of the community asks them out to dinner. It was a paper that talks of itself very respectfully as a social and religious influence which originated the habit of vulgar and untruthful brag about literary large incomes. Happily few publications have been sufficiently low to follow this particular lead. But many victims rose to the gaudy fly of the interview, and fell proportionately. Until people stand far enough from their own egotism to recognise the puerility—not to give it a harder name—of all notice accorded to anything of theirs but their work, the probabilities are that the work is trivial. When fine work has been accomplished, then the picture or the biography will be fitting. When producers of anything can take their sovereign place on a throne of high achievement, they cease to be their own, the disciples they have made can claim them. Until then let them be still, and forbear to think that a brief passage across a shabby stage to the sound of a cheap fife-and-drum for pennies that will go to the showman at the door does anything but dishonour them, the class they belong to, and the work they think to do.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LITERARY.

Not Like Other Girls.—It is very interesting to receive even one letter from a correspondent who desires not to write books but to collect them. With regard to advice as to what to purchase, that can only be conditional. It is only what you like that will afford you much pleasure or profit. When one,

A Delighted Home Baker's Rhymes.

*I've used up all my "Paisley Flour,"
My husband grumbles so, Sir;
I must to-day without delay,
Send to the nearest grocer.
I find whatever else runs low
(Once tried you'll never doubt it),
I must keep up my "Paisley Flour,"
"cannot do without it."*

So writes an enthusiastic user of

Brown & Polson's

NEW RAISING POWDER

"Paisley Flour"

(Trade Mark).

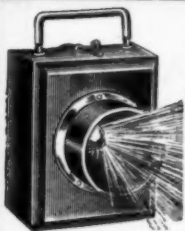
It makes delicious scones, cakes, and simple dainty tea fare with an ease and certainty unknown before. Get a 7d. packet from your grocer and try it at once. If you are not entirely pleased with it, your grocer will refund the money at Brown & Polson's expense.

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HAND LAMP DE LUXE.

Covered in Russia Leather, 21/6, or Morocco, 26/-. Dark Blue, Dark Green or Dark Red, which give a most charming effect; also in Solid Ebony with Silver Fittings, 23/3s. Extra Batteries for all, 1/6 each.

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Price 14/6.

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For invalids and the aged it proves itself a bedroom blessing.



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Indispensable round the House, in the Garden, on the Road. Everywhere. No Wires. No Liquids. No Danger. 6,000 Brilliant Flashes without re-charging. 12/6 post free. Special Torch De Luxe, covered in Russia Leather, 21/6, or Morocco, 18/6. In Dark Blue, Dark Green or Dark Red, which makes a very handsome present. Extra Batteries, 1/6 each.

BEFORE CHOOSING YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

We shall be pleased if you will call and inspect our large selection of Electrical Novelties, or we will send you our Illustrated Catalogue No. 84 post free. All our goods are self-contained and portable, and are undoubtedly the best yet produced. Every article is absolutely free from danger.

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Shamrock Clock & Night-Light.

Superbly mounted & finished in Green and Gold. No. 43, 21/- including Battery Post Free.



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[Face matter.]

CHRISTMAS IS COMING AGAIN !!

To the Rich it means Joy and Happiness. To the Poor it means — !!

I am sure the readers of 'The Leisure Hour' will again kindly help the Committee of the

FIELD LANE REFUGES AND RAGGED SCHOOLS

to make the Poor Children Happy and to brighten the Homes of the Poorest of the poor.

YOU ARE HEARTILY THANKED FOR THE KIND HELP YOU GAVE LAST YEAR.

The Committee were enabled to give

888 Dinners to the Homeless on Christmas Day.

827 New Year's Dinners to Poor Children.

1,030 Christmas Parcels to the Poor at their homes

They also helped the poor of the neighbourhood, with Bread, Coals, &c., all through the Year.

3,000 of these poor people attend the Institution every week.

19,185 Breakfasts were given to Homeless Men and Women who attended the Ragged Church Service.

In the Refuges 733 Men and Women were sheltered, and 280 were helped back to employment.

In the Crèche 5,911 dear little Babies were taken care of.



THEY WILL DO THIS AGAIN IF YOU WILL HELP THEM.

Contributions for the above Beneficent Objects are **Urgently Needed**, and will be very gratefully received and acknowledged if you will kindly send them on to the SECRETARY at the Institution—for Address see below.

Bankers—BARCLAY & CO., Ltd., 54 Lombard Street, E.C.

Treasurer—W. A. BEVAN, Esq., 54 Lombard Street, E.C.

Secretary—PEREGRINE PLATT, The Institution, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

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5 GOLD MEDALS
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Who said
SOAP ?
But we said *We did.*

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*It protects from all
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4d. a Tablet.

Women's Interests

still young, is so happily circumstanced as to be able to make study an end, and not a means to the end of earning a living, she will find it the most ultimately satisfactory and profitable kind of reading which makes a speciality of one subject, and endeavours to procure the most valuable works on that subject. Knowing one thing well, you would ultimately become an authority on that. Suppose you took up art or any one of its numerous branches, say the painters of one school—Flemish, Dutch or Italian—and read everything you could find on the paintings of one of these, studied their works or reproductions as far as you were able, then, travel where you will, something of which you possess special knowledge will always arise to interest you. Or take a minor branch, stained glass, old silver, china, there is a perfect library of information to be acquired on any of these. I heard a lecture delivered on stained glass by an English lady conducting a party of tourists through a Florentine Church. Possibly profound scholars might have considered her knowledge superficial, but it was nevertheless so interesting that when she came to me subsequently to collect two lire because I had stood to listen, I paid the amount readily. Possessed of a reader's ticket to the British Museum, you could begin your elementary quest of knowledge, and could subsequently purchase copies of the books you most desired to possess. I have heard with awe that a copy of every book ever printed in the English language may be read at the British Museum. If your views are less scientific, and if you only want a general collection of good books, you had better follow a review that has a good repute, make a list of the works that impress you, and after a time purchase those you feel you want. Here is my own list for the present month: *The Woman Who Toils* (Grant Richards), *Sarah Tudley* (Ward and Lock), *Forerunners of Dante* by Marcus Dodds (T. and T. Clark), *Masquing in the Making* (Chapman and Hall), *The Nemesis of Faith* by Anthony Froude (Routledge), *How to Bring Up Our Boys* (Religious Tract Society). A writer in a high-class popular weekly says the salaried person with an income of £120 should spend at least four pounds per annum on books.

Mary Marcia.—Your verses are rhythmic, and the spirit that animates them is very good. Had they expressed what you have to say at less length, I should have subjoined them to my answer, so that you might see how they looked in print. Try again.

Dulcie.—Your little story is pretty, and might be accepted for publication by one of the children's magazines. But why do you kill off your brave and long-suffering little hero? In olden times it was so much the fashion to let all the good boys and girls in books die untimely, that intelligent children who believed in the truth of such records, assumed that extra merit on their part would prove very unhealthy, and therefore put off the efforts to be good till a more convenient season. I suppose it is true that the gentle and passive have less resistant power than the turbulent, and are therefore more likely to succumb to illness. But it is more useful to teach people how to live than how to die. We shall all manage the dying somehow. *The Writer's Year Book*, published at 1s. 6d., is a useful compilation for amateur authors, as it affords much information regarding the periodicals that may be approached by the beginner, and also quotes the average prices paid by various periodicals.

R.C. (South India).—I have conveyed your suggestion to the compiler of *The Student's Text-Book of Esperanto* (this comprises both Grammar and Dictionary and costs 1s. 6d.), who may be disposed to send books on sale or return to Madras. Esperantists can correspond with others of their own or a different nationality. The Secretary will supply to members or students the addresses of those anxious to practise the new language by letter-writing.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ara Longa.—The Fellowship of the New Crusade has been established for the purpose of inducing greater simplicity of life among the leisured and, subsequently, the working classes. Another object is to revive artistic handicrafts and teach villagers and peasants how to produce at home beautiful and desirable manufactures. The Crusaders are still a small body, and without any regular meeting-place. As their object is transcendental, the bettering of humanity in ideals, physique, products and sense of mutual obligation, is, indeed, an endeavour to put Christianity to practice, their progress is not

likely to be very rapid, but few thinking people will fail to appreciate their aim or to wish them well. They desire to encourage sound industry, to teach people to value possessions that have cost labour and time to produce, and to dispense with superfluities in the home. In Eastern countries the humblest utensils possess beauty as well as utility, and the New Crusaders think this would be universal were manufacture by hand resumed, and were the workers educated to discriminate between grace and ugliness. The Society controls some peasant products, as tapestry, handmade rugs, etc., which exceed in beauty, as they do in price, the machine-made article. The member's subscription is very small, merely that required to cover postage of notices pertaining to the movement. Particulars can be learnt if application be made (enclosing a stamped addressed envelope) to the Secretary of the New Crusade, St. Cross, Haslemere, Surrey. The Master of the Association is Mr. Godfrey Blount. The Crusade does not aim at sensation, it works quietly and silently; if its ideals found universal acceptance, the world would become a much happier, healthier, and holier place.

Green and Gold.—It has been advanced that the use of preservatives as borax, salicylic and other acids in food is one cause of the physical and mental degeneracy which is only too obvious in certain parts of the kingdom. Even where the use of preservatives in perishable commodities is acknowledged, the full extent to which these are employed is concealed. All such things are more or less injurious, indeed some people do not hesitate to term them poisons which the system is unable to eliminate to any great extent. It is said that even our own country producers add boracic and salicylic acid to milk to keep it sweet for the consumer, and rub it over fowls intended for the market. One feature of which the community can judge is the dental deterioration in the last two or three generations. The grandparents of our present men and women retained their teeth to old age. Now scarcely one schoolchild in a thousand has a perfect set of teeth. Dentists ascribe the deterioration to dietary, but seem unable to particularise the responsible items. Tainted meat if washed in water to which a little salicylic acid has been added will lose its taint, but the meat should then be carefully washed in fresh water.

Maid Marian.—Dahlia roots will keep best if immersed in fine dry sand during the winter. They should be taken up before the frosty weather sets in, left to dry, and then kept in a dark place. Damp or mildew will destroy them, and too much heat will also cause them to shrivel overmuch. If sand is not available, dry clay would answer the purpose. A rough packing box will store a large quantity of dahlia roots. In the spring these sell at prices ranging from 3d. to 2s. 6d., according to the quality of the blossom.

Philanthropist.—To teach the helpless to help themselves is the most divine service man can render his brother man. The sense of kinship is feebly growing throughout the community, and that is very hopeful. Various useful industries are now being taught in prisons, of such a nature that when the convict goes forth, he or she shall possess some honest aptitude, free from the felon's brand, whereby to earn bread. The aim of too much philanthropy has been to merely relieve want without making any provision against its recurrence. It is well known that a recently deceased and highly venerated dean gathered the scum of the lowest parts of London to settle round his church, by reason of charities the most noble in conception, but too unrestricted in practice. A recent writer on Toynbee Hall, describing the establishment of a young clergyman and his wife in that neighbourhood, before the inception of the Settlement System, says the most worthless of the populace had become mere shameless mendicants, whom the Church's pitiful charity had so demoralised, that inability to accede to their unreasonable demands more than once induced the smashing of all the vicarage windows; that clothing for newly-born infants was regarded as a right, and that the vicar's wife was often summoned to come at once and bring her parcel as the baby was born, and there was not a rag to cover it. Among such unpromising neighbours the New Apostles established their Settlements, whose good work is year by year meeting and surmounting the miseries of poverty and the difficulties of ignorance.

VERITY.

Letters regarding "Women's Interests" to be addressed —"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

SEARCH QUESTIONS

(SAYINGS OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.)

1. "I would put a child into a library (where no unfit books are) and let him read at his choice."
2. "A London morning does not go with the sun."
3. "When a man is invited to dinner he is disappointed if he does not get something good."
4. "Oratory is the power of beating down your adversaries' arguments and putting better in their place."
5. "All theory is against the freedom of the will, all experience for it."
6. "Getting money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life."
7. "When any fit of anxiety or gloominess or perversion of mind lays hold upon you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it; by endeavouring to hide it you will drive it away. Be always busy."

To whom were these things respectively said? State also under which year you find each recorded in Boswell's Life of Johnson. A Prize of Five Shillings offered for first correct answer.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTICS

Second of Nine

"I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun."

1. "I should have been a woman by right."
2. "You must forget to be a woman."
3. "As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd
And fell below his stem."
4. "My crown is in my heart, not on my head. . .
My crown is called content."
5. "This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised
me quite."
6. "Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death."

Name each character, and give Act and Scene of each quotation.

Five Guineas' worth of books will be awarded for highest scores in this competition, and marks published here from month to month. Each answer must be signed by a short "nom de plume," and the scores will be printed as the competition proceeds—one mark awarded for each light. All answers must be received by the 15th inst.

ON THE BOOK TABLE

(Books received: *Modern Views on Matter*, by SIR OLIVER LODGE, Clarendon Press, 2s. *Naturalist in La Plata*, by W. H. HUDSON, new ed., Dent and Co., 5s. *A Book of Sundial Mottoes*, by A. H. HYATT, Philip Wellby, 3s. 6d. *Memoir of Anne J. Clough*, by B. A. CLOUGH, new ed., Arnold, 6s. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, by J. Fox, junr., Constable, 6s. *Johanna*, by B. M. CROKER, Methuen, 6s. *A Prefect's Uncle*, by P. G. WODEHOUSE, A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d. *The Young Ice Whalers*, by WINTHROP PACKARD, Longmans, 6s. *The Pedagogue at Play*, by G. M. A. HEWETT, George Allen, 6s.)

170

Sir Oliver Lodge's Romanes lecture on *Modern Views of Matter* expounds the most recent theses and hypotheses as to the nature of radium, and of the electron, that apparently ultimate unit or "atom" of electricity. "The subtle chemist can divest," mused George Herbert,

"And strip the creature naked, till he find,
The callow principles within their nest,"

and the lay mind is amazed by the discoveries of scientists who have measured radio-activity, in which the speed of electrified atoms is "as much faster than a cannon-ball as that is faster than a snail's crawl," and who see "reason to believe that a minute scrap of radium scarcely perceptible to the eye may go on emitting these energetic projectiles for hundreds of years." In concluding his most interesting lecture, Sir Oliver declares, "My experience has led me to feel sure of this, that whatever hypotheses and speculations we may frame, we cannot exceed the reality in genuine wonder. And I believe that the simplicity and beauty of the truth concerning even the material universe, when we know it, will be such as to elicit feelings of reverent awe and adoration."

A new edition of Mr. Hudson's *Naturalist in La Plata* will be welcomed by all who know how interesting is the manner as well as the matter of his writing. In this volume the chapters on Music and Dancing in Nature, and Facts and Thoughts about Spiders, are full of fascinating stories. This, for instance, of a giant man-chasing spider—

"Riding at an easy trot over the dry grass, I suddenly saw a spider pursuing me, leaping swiftly along and keeping up with my beast. I aimed a blow with my whip, and the point of the lash struck the ground close to it, when it instantly leaped upon and ran up the lash, and was actually within three or four inches of my hand when I flung the whip from me."

Throughout the book the concerted songs of many birds, and intricate dancing figures accompanying them are described from repeated observations—along with innumerable instances of pity, kindness, skill and caution in the daily life of untamed birds and animals.

Mr. Hyatt has collected over four hundred sundial mottoes from many places, and quotes some fine sentences from lovers of sundials, by way of prologue and epilogue. Charles Lamb eulogises "the altar-like structure and silent heart-language of the old dial;" and Mrs. Alice Morse Earle notes "the beauty and wonder of the thought that Time, that most intangible, most fleeting, most wonderful of conditions, is marked so fittingly in its passing by a shadow almost equally intangible." The Latin mottoes bear the palm for brevity and fulness. SINE UMBRA NIHIL . . . SILENS LOQUOR . . . UMBRA! QUOD ASPICIS? UMBRAM. . . After such sonorous music, English has but a tinkling sound. Yet their weight of meaning gives dignity even to the English words, and they tell our thoughts away into their world of shades. *The time to come is no more ours than the past. . . The silent shadow speaks, dost thou heed? . . . What thou seest is a shadow. . . Make the passing shadows serve thy will.* After these the words chosen by Harriet Martineau for her sundial seem a cry for relief, *Come light! visit me.* The book is handsomely got up and is an ideal table-book—pleasant to look at, and suggestive to look into.

The Life of Anne J. Clough pictures in illuminating detail, the growth and development of a most interesting and individual type of character. The sister of that *Thyrsis* for whom Matthew Arnold "knew to build the lofty rhyme," she was worthy of her kin—and in the diaries of her early years one can trace the gracious outlines of a sincere and noble nature, something of the type George Eliot loved to draw in Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brook. The daughter of an English cotton merchant, her girlhood was spent chiefly in Charleston, in South Carolina, with occasional visits to Liverpool, where her father's relations lived. When Anne was sixteen the family returned to Liverpool (her birthplace), and her home was there for sixteen years. Her father's gradual failure in business, and his death, brought much anxiety, but the interest of visiting and teaching in the Welsh National School, begun as an occupation merely, soon showed her what was to be her vocation in life. Hampered by a defective education which to the end left her methods illogical and unsystematic, her remarkable width of judgment, fertility of resource, and originality of thought, added to a strong and sympathetic personality, made her a power among the educative forces of her age. From small beginnings the way opened before her. After teaching at Liverpool and Ambleside, she became organiser and secretary of the North of England Council, whose scheme of lectures did so much to forward the higher education of women; until in 1871, at the age of fifty, she entered upon the great work of her life in organising Newnham College, at Cambridge. To realise her ideal in this college for women she gave her own time and strength and money without stint. Her twenty years of work as its Principal, from its beginning in a little house in Regent Street—where she and her first five students could only make ends meet by frugal care, she and they together making beds and washing dishes and dusting and sewing in the intervals of study—to its maturity as an incorporated college, rich in houses and lands, and numbering its graduates by hundreds; these years of work are all recorded here, and are full of interest.

Chad Buford, the "liberty-loving little tramp," who finds work in the second chapter of his history as a shepherd in the Kentucky valley of Kingdom Come, is a boy worth knowing. His dog Jack, on trial and acquitted for sheep-killing, is worth knowing too, and his school days, first at the "blab" school (so called because the lessons were learnt in simultaneous sing-song) and then at a Blue-Grass College, are all good to read about. Chad is a man when the Civil War comes to sunder friendships and break up homes in Kentucky as elsewhere, and when his conscience, warring against his affections, calls him to join the army of the North, he rides away with a heavy heart. His soldiering, which fills the last half of the book, is well told if not so crisp and fresh as the story of his early days, and his love story is as pretty as they make them.

Johanna (or, as it should be in Irish, Shevauneen) Daly was an Irish beauty, daughter of one of the most industrious poachers in the country. As good as she was beautiful, and as industrious as she was good, Johanna had no dowry, and since

in Kerry it seems marriages are made on business lines only, the colleen was like to go unwed. She was "a marvel for management and behaviour," and had some accomplishments too; "she could drive a hard-mouthed ass, she could dig, and knit, and bake, and sing, and in all the glens there was no better weaver," and yet Ninny Quain, the lame match-maker, after many a weary, thankless tramp up the Dalys' boreen, invariably returned with the same sad story, "Johanna's father would offer no fortune whatever." How Love succeeded where Ninny had failed the story proceeds to show. A charming idyll.

The Prefect's Uncle, of whom Mr. Wodehouse writes, was a horrid little boy, a rolling stone in the educational world, whose record somewhat tries the reader's credulity—"I was at Harrow before I came here, and at Wellington before I went to Harrow, and at Clifton before I went to Wellington." Here was Beckford College (whose whereabouts school-boys may identify), and here he remained for one term only, but long enough to make life a burden to his nephew Gethryn, a sixth-form, first-fifteen, and first-eleven hero of the right sort. The story of how things went wrong, and then came right again, is well told.

In *The Young Ice Whalers* we have the story of a Massachusetts school-boy—whose schooling is merely mentioned as a leaping-off point from which he plunges into oceans of adventure. Embarking on a North Pacific whaler whose captain and owner is his father's friend, the captain's son being his friend, Harry Diamond had his fill of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling experiences. Their ship is crushed in the ice, and the boys, after two winters among the Eskimo, cross the Kotzebue Sound in an open boat before a gale. Landing on the Alaskan shore, they discover a new gold-field, and return to civilization and their homes with fifty thousands dollars apiece.

Finding that there seemed to be "very little record of the doings of ordinary men on ordinary holidays," for those who want suggestions as to where to go and what to do for a little rest and pleasure in intervals of work, Mr. Hewett has supplied the want with a chatty and cheerful collection of his own holiday experiences. He takes us to Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Norway, to fish and shoot and golf with him at our leisure and ease. Most persuasively of all, in his best chapter, he takes us to enjoy three weeks of a Swiss winter at Grindelwald, of whose wonder-working climate he declares, "I never sit and munch my bread and ham by this spring above the pines, where the deep gorge falls away at my feet, without longing to bring all England out here to bask for an hour in the sun, and give them one look at the panorama of mountain and valley that spreads itself before our eyes. One hour of it would put new strength into these millions of tired workers, one week would surely take years from off their age." The book is illustrated by a number of good photographs, including one of the Kyle of Loch Aish at sunset, quite remarkable for its beauty.

Erratum.—In the notice of *The MS. in a Red Box* last month, for Charles the Second read Charles the First.

Our Chess Page

Offer of Gold and Silver Medals

We are offering two medals, one Gold and one Silver, to the two of our readers who are most successful in solving all the problems, whether given in special competitions or not, to be published in our columns during the year, November 1903 to October 1904 inclusive.

Competitors will be required to use foolscap paper, to write on only one side, and to head each sheet with his or her name and address.

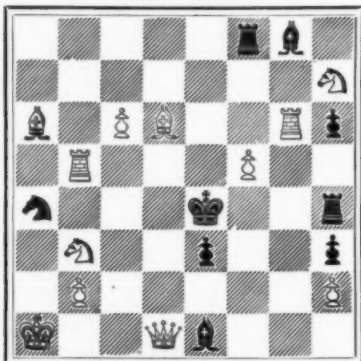
Any violation of these three simple conditions will involve disqualification.

Two prizes of **Five Shillings** each, one for town and one for country solvers, will be awarded for the first solutions received of the following four problems.

No competitor who received a prize for solving last year will be eligible. Solutions must be written upon only one side of the paper, and must be headed by the name and address of the sender, with the date clearly indicated.

"Coquette."—By A. F. MACKENZIE.

BLACK—9 MEN

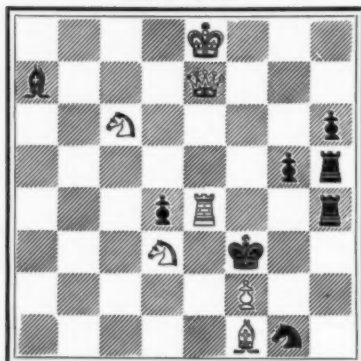


WHITE—12 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

"The Unknown."

BLACK—8 MEN



WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

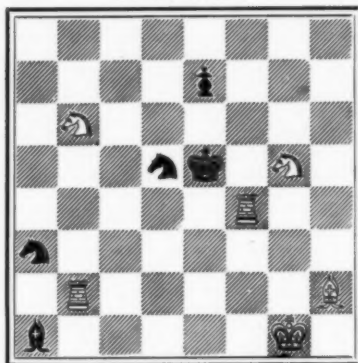
The above problems received Honourable Mention in one of our Tournaments.

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Two easy problems for our less expert chess-playing readers.

By C. H. HEMMING.

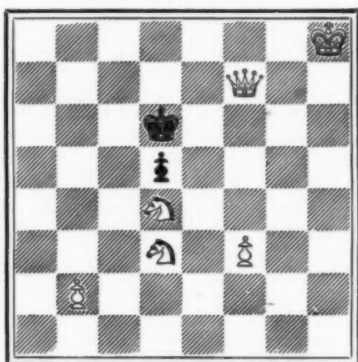
BLACK—5 MEN



WHITE—6 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—6 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

For the Medals Competition solutions to all the above problems must be sent in before February 15, 1904.

QUICK SOLVING COMPETITION.

The names of the prize-winners were published last month. Other correct solutions have been received from—

E. M. DAVEY, H. HOSEY DAVIS, J. W. DIXON, J. Y. FULLERTON, J. JONES, W. MEARS, and E. THOMPSTONE.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket from the Contents page.



GARDEN SCENES

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Elsteddfod

Photos by—LUCY DRUMMOND HAY

JAMES H. HARRIS (Trevarno, Helston, the
seat of Mrs. A. M. Bideford Smith)

T. MORRIS

A. H. SWINDELL

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

Photographic Competition: Result

BEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF DOGS.

Five Prizes of Five Shillings each:

F. GETTY, Waterloo, Liverpool; R. W. COPEMAN, Wincanton; CARRIE PERCIVAL-WISEMAN, Painswick Lodge, Weston-super-Mare; JOHN PALMER, 7 Bilbie Street, Nottingham; Miss L. M. LE MESURIER, Halcyon Place, Doyle Road, Guernsey.

Highly Commended:

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN, R. J. ELDRIDGE, JOS. GREY, G. W. HARKER, A. C. HEAD, C. L. HAWKINS, S. E. GRINNELL, L. ROBERTS.

Commended:

E. A. GODSON, Miss H. HERVEY, Miss DUNMORE BEETSON.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF CATS.

Five Prizes of Five Shillings each:

MRS. E. C. COPEMAN, The Union, Wincanton; R. J. ELDRIDGE, 9 Christchurch Road, Hampstead; ETHEL A. WOOD, 9 Westbury Park, Bristol; Miss A. C. HEAD, Offspring, Vrangue, Guernsey; J. CHAPMAN, 12 Boscastle Road, London, N.W.

Commended:

MISS WINEARLS, L. M. LE MESURIER, Miss MCGINITY, Miss CARROLL NICOLL, Miss CHAMBERS, AGNES W. E. DICKIE, GRACE CHAPMAN, W. RONALD T. BOURNE, Miss AVICE DASHWOOD.

Christmas in Canada

IN our December number 1902 (p. 157) there appeared an account of "Christmas in Canada," which had been awarded a prize in our Eisteddfod competitions.

We have received a communication from a Canadian gentleman, who takes exception to several statements made in that essay. He asserts—

1. That the ice on Muskoka Lake before Christmas would not carry a sledge with four horses. He also forwards us a letter from a resident at Muskoka Lake, who says, "I have lived here for thirty-one years, and have never seen a farmer drive four horses in his sleigh. They always use two."

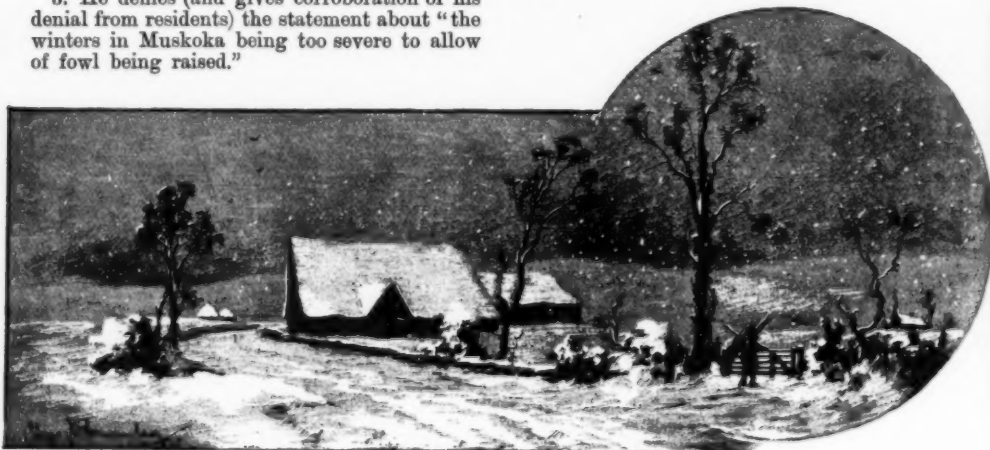
2. As to the "hickory-log fire," he says that hickory does not grow in Muskoka.

3. He denies (and gives corroboration of his denial from residents) the statement about "the winters in Muskoka being too severe to allow of fowl being raised."

4. He also challenges the accuracy of the statement that persons mentioned in the article who were snow-shoeing were "clad in huge raccoon coats," and wore "nose-protectors."

Other points are mentioned by our correspondent, but these appear to be the most important. On receipt of his letter in June 1903, we communicated the contents of it to the writer of the Prize Essay, but have received no reply.

We can only say that we had no reason to doubt the *bona fides* of the essayist, who wrote as a resident in Toronto, and we are sorry if the reputation of *The Leisure Hour* for accuracy and care should in any way have suffered. We must now leave it to our Canadian readers to judge between the two correspondents.





SEASIDE SCENES

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod

Photos by—

REV. CHARLES E. PATERSON
R. F. MORRIS

G. A. MURCH
JOS. GREY
T. L. MEEK



SEASIDE SCENES

Photos by—
J. MORRIS
W. COOPER

Prize Photos, *The Leisure Hour* Eisteddfod

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[Facing Matter.]

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The Bishop of Durham says:—"Two years ago, attracted by a notice in an American theological review, I bought the German book, and, on a holiday abroad, read large parts of it. I was strongly impressed by its masculine common-sense, and its criticism of the new school in the way of throwing the critics back upon the defensive. Of course all this was the more striking as the writer announced himself a 'former adherent' of the school he now challenges."

"Had I been at all at leisure, and were my German more than it is, I should have been much disposed to attempt a translation myself. Mr. Irwin has evidently brought ample qualifications to the task, and I am most grateful to him."

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES says:—"Is it not time to recognise that wholesale denunciation of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament is not a proper subject for Christian Apologetics? Is it not time to make some discrimination? For if there is 'wild-cat' criticism there is also 'wild-cat' denunciation of criticism, and the one is as hurtful to Christ as the other. The Religious Tract Society recognises that the time to discriminate has come. This book is temperate. It is also a scholar's book. There is no pretence that 'common-sense' will do instead of learning. There is no pretence that anything else will do, except an intelligent appreciation of what criticism means and a patient effort to show that the truth is not all with it."

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